

# The TATLER

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LONDON  
AUGUST 14, 1946

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## Switzerland's Envoy To Great Britain

His Excellency Dr. Paul J. Ruegger, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Switzerland to Great Britain since 1944, is the subject of the first of THE TATLER's new series, "At the Court of St. James's," on page 195. Dr. Ruegger is not only the Swiss Republic's outstanding diplomat, but also an author of widespread repute, and several of his books on international law were written before he was thirty. The photograph shows him working in his office at the Swiss Legation, Bryanston Square, W.1





# PORTRAITS IN PRINT



SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

I HAVE no particular feelings either way in the rumpus over Palestine. I sympathize with the Arabs in their dislike of losing good farming land—rare enough in their domains—but I have never been fired by that romantic Lawrencian love of the Arabian way of life which has inspired so many of the English, ever since the days of Hester Stanhope. To me that world, despite the beauty and dignity of its inhabitants, seems a trifle bleak and colourless beside the brilliance and glitter of lands farther east. I distrust, too, all civilizations, such as the Arabian, or that of Periclean Athens, where there is no place for women save as reproductive machines or courtesans. . . .



Equally, I am no Zionist, although there is to me something rather moving, if slightly irrelevant, in the Jewish capacity to sustain a passionate emotion for a country they left eighteen centuries ago. But, I repeat, I have no feelings one way or the other. I care only that we do nothing to increase the difficulties of defending our glorious if slightly inconvenient Empire. But I cannot resist the reflection that, beastly as are all acts of violence, were I a Jewish terrorist, I would hold the blowing up of the King David Hotel to be the only sort of argument the English really understand. Not being given to acts of terrorism themselves, the steadiest British troops strongly object to being shot in the back, or blown to perdition, when they are thinking of something else. The Jewish terrorists in their savagery are following an Irish tradition, now grown almost respectable. . . .

Meanwhile, what true Englishman will not get a certain sardonic amusement from the spectacle of President Truman's dilemma over His Majesty's Government's plan for Palestinian federation? For thirty years the less moderate parts of American Jewry have excited public opinion against us, till the average American believes we have behaved in the matter with shocking faithlessness. But now American Big Business, through oil concessions in Saudi Arabia, has got a direct interest in the Arab world. The oil tycoons do not want to offend

the Arabs. The managers of the Democratic Party equally do not wish to offend the well-organized Jewish vote, which in the forthcoming mid-term elections might swing the State of New York, for instance, decisively one way or the other. What does the poor President do? At least, he will by now have realized how difficult it is to pursue a single-minded policy in Palestine.

## *The American Mystery*

THE episode illustrates how, with America assuming a dominant position in the world, to an increasing degree international problems of tragic import are likely to be resolved not in accord with the common good, or even with common sense, but by the vagaries of American internal politics, the capacity for mischief possessed by some racial group in Cleveland, Ohio, let us say, or in the wheat-fields of Minnesota. Of course, in a few generations the American nation may have become more homogeneous; but, in 1946, every Englishman who does not wish to do the White House and the State Department an injustice ought to learn how strangely impotent for all its semblance of authority is the American Executive, how fettered by Senate Foreign Relations' Committees, and cowed by mid-term elections.

The trouble comes, in a large measure, from that sacrosanct instrument the American Constitution, and its elaborate checks and balances between Executive, Legislature and Judiciary. Never has there been such a case of abstract eighteenth-century political theory dominating—to the doubtful advantage of us all—circumstances for which it was never designed. An admirable document, no doubt, to govern the lives of leisured intelligent country gentlemen, like many of its fathers. I can think of few countries where the leisured country gentleman forms a smaller percentage of the population than in the United States. The moral is, constitutions, like angry letters ought never to be written down.

## *Brunel*

I WAS fortified recently in local complacency by an excursion into Suffolk. Theoretically I have a strong taste for East Anglia. The elegance and brilliant light of Norwich never fail to delight me. Here is an echo at least of France—especially if you make the effort of going early to Norwich market. I like the great characters East Anglia has created—"Turnip" Townshend, and Coke, and Crome, and Gainsborough, not to speak of Sir Thomas Browne. I like the great churches, half empty since the Black Death, and the Flemish cut to the profiles of the town halls.

But this time East Anglia for me had lost its magic. Ipswich seemed at once noisy and melancholy—a curious combination—and surely the most ill-favoured crowd this side of the Oder had gathered on the platform. The countryside was one vast allotment, and the graceful old buildings of Woodbridge lacked

the glowing colours of western England. Throughout a pleasant "Saturday-to-Monday" I was haunted by the breaking for me of the East Anglian spell. Then on Monday I found the cause. Never before had I travelled there by railway. Never before had I known the desolation of spirit which the wooden rolling-stock, the dirty carriage-windows, the slowness of the trains, and finally the drab limbo of Liverpool Street Station can inspire. I call to mind no line more likely to depress one. Not even Chinese railways with tottering bridges so that the Yellow River seemed to gape hungrily for your slow wheels could exasperate one more. At least there you have the forlorn beauty of the little country stations, where a tradition inherited from the original British engineers of the line has created trim gardens, with the Chinese characters for each particular place-name prinked out in peonies or iridescent pebbles.



But the line to Ipswich is just ragged and dingy. I cannot believe it ever knew the touch of a genius like George Stephenson, who after a century still lends style to the L.M.S.—particularly with his bridge across the Menai Straits; or of that brilliant, wayward creature, Isambard Kingdom Brunel (1806-1859), who made the G.W.R. one of the few agreeable lines in the world. What a strange pair were he and his father, Sir Marc Isambard Brunel (1769-1849), the Norman naval officer who practically introduced the principle of machine tools into this country, and who wore himself out building the Thames tunnel between Wapping and Rotherhithe.

The younger Brunel became engineer to the projected G.W.R. at the age of twenty-seven. The line was virtually his creation, and was probably in advance of anything dreamed of at the time. Indeed, two of Brunel's pet schemes—"atmospheric" trains and a broad-gauge track—were rejected by posterity as impracticable.

The younger Brunel was destined like his father to wear himself out with grandiose projects, and, like him again, to die of a stroke. He took to building ships, at first with some success. But the modern passion for size was



his undoing. The steamship *Great Eastern* beside the *Queen Mary* would have seemed a shrimp. But in her day she was the largest hull ever laid down. Endless disappointments attended her building and her launching. Broken with worry, Brunel did not live to see her make her maiden voyage on September 7, 1859.

What a curse the passion for size can be! The largest liner, the tallest building, the biggest vegetable marrow, the most teeming population. Since in size and numbers we can never compete with Russia or the United States, let us hope we will begin once again to think less of quantity than of quality—a domain where the English can if they choose make themselves impregnable. . . .

#### Extravagance

I HAVE a charming Spanish friend, who, being an exile from his country, is generally hard pressed for money—like most exiles. And, like most Spaniards, he is constitutionally unable to go to bed early, but spends his meagre resources in night clubs, evening after expensive evening. His favourite haunt was a place called, let us say, "The Green Monkey"—10s. entrance, £3 12s. 6d. for a bottle of gin. The other day I scolded my friend for his improvidence. Not even a millionaire, I said, could afford to go to "The Green Monkey" four times a week. "I go no more," he cried in a voice trembling with indignation. "I haven't been there for a month." I congratulated him on turning over a new leaf. "Yes," he said, "my life is indeed changed. I go now to the 'Blue Grotto.' It is infinitely nicer." The charges at the second place are: £1 entrance, and £2 12s. 6d. a bottle. . . .

#### Warm Air

I HAVE got much pleasure from a photograph of a scientist at the National Physics Laboratory at Teddington using a model to determine the proper ventilation for the new House of Commons. Along small wooden benches stand row upon row of electric lamps, each one of which gives off a heat equal to the body heat of two Members. A pretty thought! Will the National Physics Laboratory vary the current put through the front-bench lamps on either side of the model House, and perhaps through one or two of the back-bench lamps, to reproduce conditions in what we have come to call a "heated" debate? Surely the new ventilation system, if to be of any use, must stand up to exceptional loads?



#### Pick-Me-Up

FEELING rather low the other day, I walked into a chemist's famous for its "revivers." The assistant poured me out my fiery but sustaining dose; then, cocking his head on one side: "How's finances today?" he asked. Somewhat taken aback, I stuttered that to the best of my belief they were in a condition no worse than usual. "In that case, then," he declared, "I'll take the liberty of having a pick-me-up with you. The next time you come in, it'll be on me." And then he toasted me.



*The Swiss Ambassador and Mme. Ruegger at the Swiss Legation*

## AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

MUSSOLINI disliked one particularly outspoken, courageous young diplomatist in Rome during Ciano's war on Greece, disapproved sufficiently to request his urgent recall. The peace-loving Government of the four and a quarter million citizens of the 655-year-old confederation of permanently neutral Switzerland bowed before the Fascist demand. His Excellency Dr. Paul J. Ruegger, of surprisingly sensitive eyes, wide shoulders, great height, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, packed many bags for home.

In his innermost heart he was probably far from sorry, for the Axis gangsters had widened the scope of the war and closed frontiers with incredible rapidity. As a result Dr. Ruegger had been in control not only of the Swiss Legation, but nominally also of twenty-four missions, the Embassies of the United States and Great Britain, and the Chancellories of Yugoslavia, Greece, Poland and sundry British Dominions. At last those monotonously regular 3 a.m. work sessions might cease.

Pluckily the Swiss Government showed its estimate of Mussolini by promptly appointing the recalled envoy a member of the International Committee of that doer of merciful acts, the Red Cross in Geneva. But soon far more responsible duties were entrusted to the professor's son, who had made such progress after securing his doctorate in law at twenty; he was appointed head of Switzerland's leading Legation in Europe, the mission to Great Britain in warring London.

ONCE again the pendulum swung over, for in Britain Dr. Ruegger directed, besides the affairs of Switzerland, links with the Red Cross organization, care of the business of enemy states left in the hands of the Swiss Government, official correspondence between Great Britain and enemy states. Later, as the certainty of crushing defeat dawned on the Nazi bullies, there was also the transmission through

neutral Berne of delicate, secret, history-creating dispatches.

Today the tall envoy is again one of the busiest diplomatists in Europe (to say nothing of London), as he paces up and down his study, speaking in idiomatically impeccable English, or French, German and Italian gathered in Lausanne, Munich and Zurich universities.

BY twenty-two a Second Secretary, at twenty-three secretary of the Swiss delegation to the League of Nations in Geneva, Dr. Ruegger waited five years before accepting the office of Deputy Registrar of the Court of International Justice. He had, meanwhile, been Assistant Professor of International Law at Geneva (at twenty-five), and had begun a flow of books of a maturity comparable with his achievement (he published *The Nationality of Corporations in International Law* at twenty-one). During his stay in Rome as first counsellor, Dr. Ruegger had married the Countess Isabella Salazar y Munatones, daughter of the celebrated general. Thence to headship of the political office in the Swiss foreign department, Paris for three years, and, in 1936, the Rome mission.

Recently the minister has been negotiating the transfer to the United Nations of the magnificent ghost buildings of the League of Nations in Geneva. He attended the farewell session of the League, and watched the dreams of 1920 fading into the smoke above the splendid marble floors.

In London Dr. Ruegger still enjoys shamefully late hours, reads a great deal, carries on cordial, superb-mannered correspondence with celebrities the world over, guides endless delegations from Switzerland, still spreads books on the window-ledges of the hotel where he lives. As he glances outside, the parks of London provide a substitute for skiing, shooting, fencing and motoring round his inimitable country's thrilling hair-pin bends.

GEORGE BILAINKIN





Anna Owens (Irene Dunne) and her ten-year-old son arrive in Siam. Anna, who has come to teach the children of the king (Rex Harrison), is introduced by him to his wives in the Hall of Women. He orders her to be lodged in the harem



"Anna and The King of Siam": Rex Harrison's

Anna gives lessons to the king's children and his wives. She makes them all sing "Home Sweet Home" until the king at last consents that she shall have a house of her own. This is the first of Anna's clashes with the proud and barbaric monarch

## Fun and Games

James Agas

AT

FROM time to time it happens to me to drive past a queue of balletomanes. Invariably this consists of moon-eyed young women in their teens. If it is in the afternoon I wonder why these young women are not typing or seamstressing or making beds. (Except that beds ought to be made earlier in the day.) I can see by their expressions that they are unaware of the life about them. That if a mad bull came charging down the street they would not know it. Their whole soul is centred on the arabesques presently to be executed by a young woman from Hoxton who has assumed what she thinks is a Russian name. And the young gentleman from Covent Garden who is the Hoxton lady's partner? Every young woman in the queue now fainting with expectation sees in that Covent Garden porter her Ern, Syd, or Charlie.

The dancers themselves are unaware of the nature and origin of the dance. That it began as the manifestation of religious exaltation. That their emotions while dancing are not to be distinguished from those of the earliest savages. That dancing was a form of self-expression practised by the primitive races long before the arts of writing or reading. They would be shocked if you told them that they are exhibitionists, skittering about the

stage and kidding themselves that they are engaged in dramatic portrayal. On the positive side they are entirely gammonable, and would see nothing odd in dancing the Book of Revelations to the tune known as "The Bluebells of Scotland."

Every civilized person knows that modern ballet was introduced into opera for the delectation of bored and elderly gentlemen devouring with their eyes the sixteen-year-old daughter of his or his neighbour's concierge. For me the art of ballet stopped in the days of Halévy's *Madame et Monsieur Cardinal*. Or, if you like, in the year in which Charles Dickens wrote *Nicholas Nickleby*. Are readers of the *Tatler* as familiar as they ought to be with the ballet entitled *The Indian Savage and the Maiden*?

That, to my mind, is all there is to be said about ballet, except that it would not in the least surprise me to find *The Indian Savage and the Maiden* danced today in all seriousness to the music of Shostakovich's latest symphony.

WHEREFORE the foregoing? Because I went recently to see *La Mort du Cygne* (Studio One). In this a young dancer is so much enamoured of the *première danseuse* that when she is replaced she, the chit, removes the supports from under one of the traps so that the newcomer breaks her leg. This incident is made the mainspring of a romantic drama whereas, of course, the chit ought just to be taken home and given that treatment which Madame and Monsieur Cardinal would have meted out to their Virginie if that brat had indulged in any such prank. A charming film, of which I did not wait to see the end.

Instead, I transferred myself to the Leicester Square Theatre, where I gazed morosely at a picture about a horse entitled *Smoky*. I have come to the conclusion that these pictures about horses are intended for the delectation of cinema-goers who have never had anything to do with that animal. As a horseman and an exhibitor of horses I want to know more



Mr. LaGuardia, head of UNRRA, has a word with the programme distributors



M. Molotov, the Soviet Foreign Minister, with his daughter, and Mr. James F. Byrnes, the United States Secretary of State



M. Georges Bidault, the French Prime Minister, and Madame Bidault arriving at the Paris Opera

## Gala Performance at the Paris Opera House, Given





## First American Film, Based on a True Story

*To show an English emissary that Siam is a modern country, the king instructs Anna to clothe his wives in Western dress. At the State banquet he congratulates her on her efficiency*

*Several times the king's barbarous acts impel Anna to leave Siam, but years pass, and as the king dies he reads a document expressing his gratitude to her for her help*

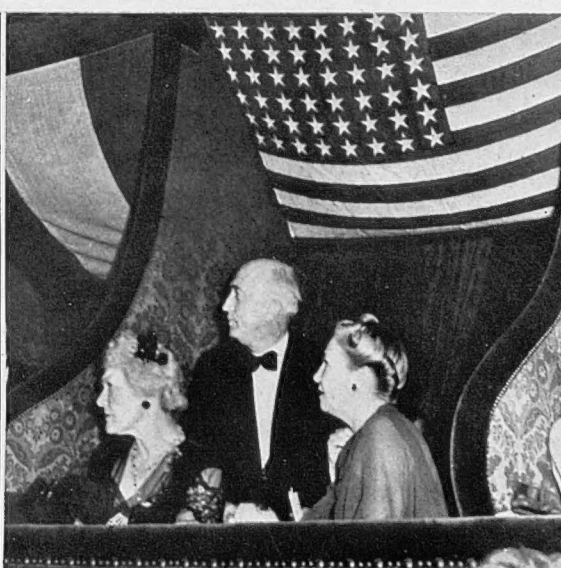
# THE PICTURES

about Smoky the stallion. Is he the potential sire of racehorses, trotting-horses, five-gaited horses? We are told nothing, except that he is a bucking broncho who, injuring a limb, declines from the rodeo to the shafts of a luggage cart. I found the sentimentality of this film sickening, and the whole of it wildly boring. Indeed I was too greatly bored to get up and leave. Wherefore I continued to sit through the second picture, called *She Wrote the Book*, or some such name. Presently I found myself giggling, and then laughing outright at what is, in my opinion, the wittiest film since the early Lubitsches. The story is a wholly preposterous one about a lecturer in differential calculus who is mistaken for the authoress of a highly improper and best-selling autobiography, *There's Always Lulu*. Being hit on the head, she conceives the notion that she is the aforesaid illiterate nit-wit, and behaves as though she were indeed Lulu. The fun begins when some young man, asked whether he had read the novel, replies, "Once in English,

twice in French, twice in Russian, and once in French again." There are delightful moments as when Lulu, accused of lack of modesty, draws across her bosom a wealth of silver fox which speaks volumes, and I have to say that the wit is always of the cinema and will not stand translation into any other medium. Joan Davies is the actress here, and her performance is equal to Beatrice Lillie at her best. If any theatre manager, or Miss Lillie herself, wants to make a small fortune, I suggest that a play made from this film should be at once commissioned. Will anybody take the slightest notice? No.

I HAVE given up worrying whether pictures about famous people bear resemblance to the real facts. Which will, I hope, account for my silence about the recent film made out of the Brontës. I have been to Haworth, and Hollywood hasn't, and there is no more to be said. Similarly, I shall not inquire whether *Anna and the King of Siam* bears any relation

to Margaret Landon's biography. Indeed I shan't even turn up my review of that book. All I have to say is that the film (New Gallery) is a novel, entertaining, and at times oddly moving production. Wonderful scenery, from which it would appear that Bangkok was built yesterday and has not had time to accumulate so much as two specks of dust. A story in which an English governess tries to make Siam think in the manner of Muswell Hill, and surprisingly succeeds. First-rate performance by Rex Harrison, which has robbed me of my title. I intended to call this article *Siamese Without Tears*, and cannot. Harrison's performance is subtle and understanding throughout. Never for one moment is there a hint of the lawn tennis courts at Surbiton, and I cannot think of higher praise. Irene Dunne flounces and simpers throughout in some forty confections, including a dinner dress and a set of full mourning! She is as much like an English governess of the sixties as I am like Jane Eyre. Indeed, less like. According to Synopsis there is a scene in which Anna is made by the King to watch his favourite wife and her paramour burn together at the stake. "Discouraged, Anna decided to leave Siam." And your discouraged James would have left the theatre if it had not been for the Siamese children, exquisite flowers each endowed with Hollywood's choicest accent.



## in Honour of The Peace Conference Delegates

*Mr. Mackenzie King (right), the Canadian Prime Minister, with General Vannier, Canadian Ambassador in Paris, and Mrs. Vannier*

*Mrs. J. F. Byrnes and Mr. Byrnes with a friend in their box during the performance of the ballet*

*Mr. Duff Cooper, the British Ambassador in Paris, relaxing in his box*





Sketches by  
Tom Titt

Left:  
*Dwellers in the Nether Depths:*  
Elizabeth Collins (Patricia Plunkett)  
with her mother and father (Joan  
Miller and Hugh Pryse) who look the  
embodiment of squalid misery as they  
listen to Judge Bentley's wisdom

Right:  
David Markham as Peter Marti,  
the delinquent's faithful admirer, with  
his anxious mother (Ilona Ference)  
and a mysterious parcel, in a dramatic  
aside as the drama builds up



# The Theatre

"Pick-up Girl" (Prince of Wales)

"MAX" once had the hardihood to assert that there was better drama to be found in the law courts than the theatre could provide. However that may be, it is the drama of the law courts that this play attempts to reproduce—the drama of an American juvenile court, unfolding in matter-of-fact terms the shocking case of a girl of fifteen who, through the perhaps inevitable neglect of her over-driven parents, has drifted into bad company and become a sex delinquent.

The theatre being what it is, it would be natural to assume that an author who chose such a theme had at least a lurking hope of achieving a success of scandal, but nobody can see this piece without being impressed with Miss Elsa Shelley's complete sincerity. She has evidently felt impelled to write it for two reasons. She believes that the public should know what takes place in its juvenile courts.

Playgoers may respect this particular motive, but in so far as they are merely playgoers it is of course an irrelevancy. Even though they are Mr. Shaw's contemporaries, they do not come to the theatre to learn the facts of life. But the second of Miss Shelley's motives is very much their concern. She hopes to tell a touching story in such a way as to make the audience forget that they are in a theatre.

It is remarkable how closely the play comes to fulfilling this hope. For two-thirds of the evening we really feel that we have strayed into a New York juvenile court. The procedure is strange to us but so obviously authentic that it stirs our curiosity as though it were the real thing.

We take it in and reckon up what appear to be its advantages and disadvantages as a piece of legal machinery, designed not to punish but to reform the delinquent. We watch the judge as he listens to the preliminary police evidence and are favourably impressed. He is shrewd, kindly, patient; almost too patient. We chafe at what seems a wholly undramatic sifting of the facts. The witnesses—even the delinquent girl herself—are at first without the usual sharp definition of stage characters. They are just people, of

whom we can make very little. It is only as they give their evidence that they slowly gather personality in our eyes, and even then we cannot altogether explain them and they seem unable to explain themselves. That is because we learn about them only as much as is essential to the judge's understanding of the case.

THE trouble about this kind of realism is that there are times when—just as though we were watching an actual case in court—our attention wanders. A particular witness is no doubt necessary, but he is, from the theatrical point of view, unnecessarily repetitive, and the rambling statement is not suggested but presented in all its ramblingness.

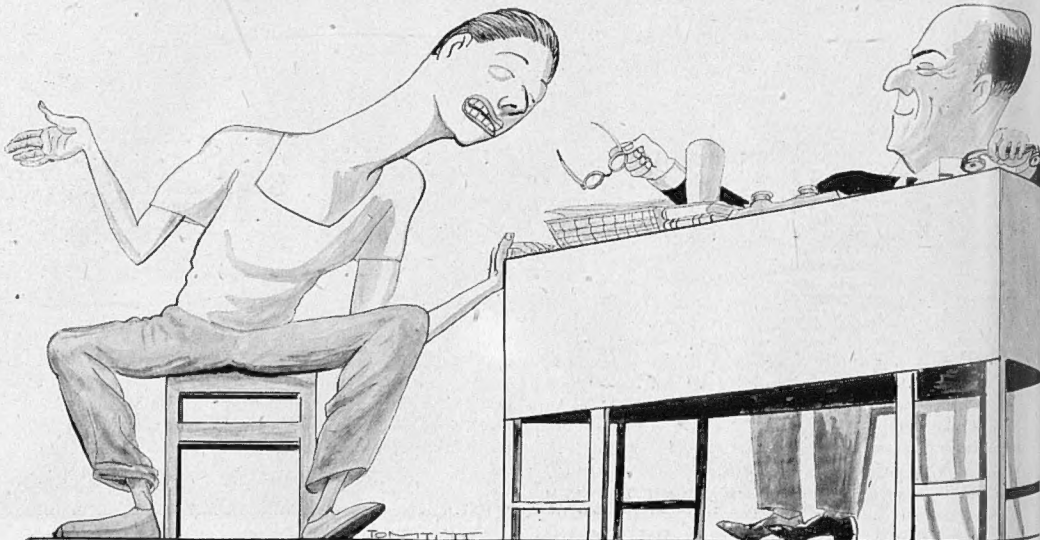
It is a "documentary" which could be shortened by half an hour without loss to itself. The production, good as it is in many ways, is much too slow, and the workings of the court are too often allowed to take on a natural tedium.

Yet there is no denying that the dramatist makes her points. She brings out the essential

innocence of the girl who has drifted into prostitution without sentimentalizing her. She establishes the parents' neglect and also their claim to our sympathy: they had to choose between paying off their debts to keep a roof over the head of their family and neglecting the family. She succeeds in suggesting that the whole pitiable trouble has its roots in a complex of social and economic causes; and having in her first two acts persuaded us that the facts are true she is able in the last act to give the actors plenty of emotional fireworks.

THEY let them off with great effect, Mr. Ernest Jay as the judge, Miss Joan Miller as the shocked and shattered mother, Miss Patricia Plunkett as the girl who learns to her horror that she is unfit to marry, and Mr. David Markham as her chivalrous lover all contributing their various shares to the blaze. At least it can be said that this modern version of Brieux's *Damaged Goods* is less dull than its prototype.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



Heart-to-Heart talk between Phillip Hillman as Larry Webster and Ernest Jay as the most understanding of judges in the most sympathetic of courts





F. J. Goodman

## PAMELA STIRLING

She will act at the Comédie Française. Never before have the French extended such an honour to an English actress

THE internationally famous Comédie Française has broken a three-hundred-years-old tradition by its recent invitation to Pamela Stirling to play in the company—a tribute the more remarkable in view of her youth, for she is only twenty-five years of age. Her first part will be to give French audiences a new *Peter Pan*, an interesting contrast to the film rôle she has just completed in the new British picture *Teheran*, which she has been making in Rome. In this she gives a moving performance as a Persian street waif who becomes a pawn in the intrigues which stirred the underworld of the city at the time of the Big Three conference. She is the daughter of Edward Stirling, founder

of the English theatre which for years has done such excellent work in presenting British plays and artistes in the theatres of Europe. She has travelled widely with her father and has, in fact, gained more of her experience in the Continental theatre than on the English stage.

SINCE she returned from France with her family after the Occupation she has played in several West End productions, including *Other People's Houses* and *Private Lives*, as well as one other film, *Candlelight in Algeria*, in which she appeared with James Mason. She has mostly been occupied, however, with her work at the Institut Française,

and the making of "dubbed" versions of famous British films for their presentation to European audiences.

PAMELA STIRLING is married to Gaston Richer, the French singer, and has a small son. In the photograph she is seen sitting on an old pine-panelled window seat, holding a rock-crystal cross reputed to have been brought back by Napoleon from his Russian campaign. In the embrasure is an ornate gilt French eighteenth-century clock, and at her elbow an Empire consol in the form of a temple in which a caryatid supports the beautifully decorated top which is surmounted by a porphyry urn

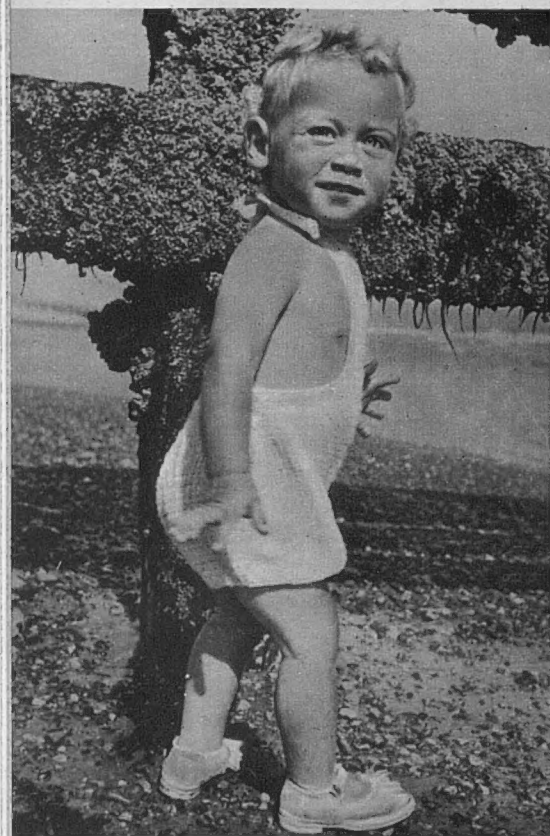


# TWO FAMILIES ENJOY

LADY GEORGE SCOTT, wife of Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott, has been staying at Bexhill with her children, and they have shared a hut at Cooden Beach with the family of Lieut.-Colonel Anthony Stocker, of the 22nd Dragoon Guards. Colonel Stocker and his family are ideally situated for the holiday season as they have a charming country house at Moleyne's Mede, near Bexhill, in the garden of which his children, Michael, aged eight, and Peta Carolyn, aged five, can find plenty of entertainment. Mrs. Stocker



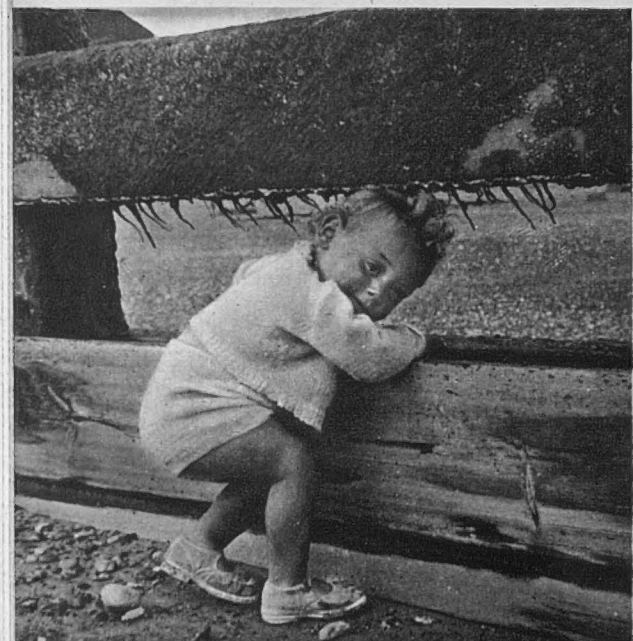
*David Goes Shrimping*



*"The Tide's Out, but Who Cares?"*



*Lady George Scott on the Beach with Her Son, David*



*"These Groynes are Splendid for Exercise"*



*Georgina and Charmian Building Sand Castles*



# A SUSSEX HOLIDAY

was formerly Miss Peta Davis, daughter of Mr. Cyril Davis. During the war she worked for the W.V.S. and did canteen work for the American forces.

Lady George Scott's husband is a brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch. She has three children, Georgina, Charmian and a son, David, who was born in January 1945. Formerly Miss Molly Bishop, daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Bishop, of Andover, Hants, she was well known as a clever artist



*Lieut.-Colonel Stocker and Family at Moleyne's Mede*



*Peta Assesses a Visitor*



*"You Never Know What You'll Need"*



*The Wide Prospects of Youth*



*"Are You Sure of Your Brakes?"*



*Photographs by Swaebe*

*A Canter Across the Lawn*





### Border Christening

A group taken outside St. Cuthbert's Church, Hawick, after the christening of Lord and Lady Polwarth's younger daughter, who was given the names of Diana Mary. It includes Lord and Lady Polwarth, with their infant daughter, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Deane, late Bishop of Aberdeen and Orkney, who officiated, and Margaret Duchess of Buccleuch



### The Marquess of Ormonde's Grandson

The infant son of Capt. Charles Forester and Lady Moyra Forester, the Marquess of Ormonde's only daughter, was christened Piers Edric at the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, Lambourne, in Berkshire. (Above) Capt. O. Bell (godfather), the Rev. Grice Hutchinson, Mrs. Derek Walker (godmother) holding Piers Edric, Capt. Charles and Lady Moyra Forester and Mr. L. Holman (godfather)

*Jennifer writes*

## HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THOUGH Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands was only able to make a short one-night stay in London when she flew over to decorate the King with the Order of Wilhelm, and to present His Majesty with the black and grey Dutch horses that are her gift to the Household Cavalry and the Royal Mews. Her Majesty enjoyed every moment of her brief visit. So much pleasure did the King take in her company, that he paid her the unusual and unexpected honour of driving with her from Buckingham Palace to Croydon Airport to see her into the 'plane for her return trip to Holland.

The dinner-party given by Their Majesties on the night of her arrival was an occasion of some ceremony. Guests commanded to the Palace to meet the Dutch Sovereign included Mr. Herbert Morrison, as Acting Prime Minister, and Mrs. Morrison; the Netherlands Ambassador and Mme. Michiels van Verduynen; the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Wellington, the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow, Viscount and Viscountess Addison, Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery of Alamein, and Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Besides the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth, members of the Royal Family present were Queen Mary, the Duchess of Kent, the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten. To these last many congratulations were proffered on the engagement of their elder daughter, Patricia, to Lord Brabourne, that good-looking young peer of twenty-two, whom she met in her father's South-East Asia Command while she was serving in the W.R.N.S. and he was A.D.C. to Gen. Sir William Slim. Lord Louis had dined with the King some nights previously when the Queen went to the Ballet, to ask his formal consent to his daughter's marriage—necessary since she is a member of the Royal Family.

Sitting with his Royal guest on his right, the King wore across his uniform the wide orange ribbon of a Knight Grand Cross of the Order of Wilhelm, which he had received from Queen Wilhelmina an hour or two earlier.

### PRESENTATION OF DUTCH HORSES

THERE was an impressive gathering of Royalties and members of the Household on the following morning in the Inner Quadrangle

of the Palace to see Queen Wilhelmina hand over the horses to the King. The Queen, in pale blue, Queen Mary in vieux rose, Princess Elizabeth looking her best in a new summer outfit of yellow silk with white spots, and a tiny turban hat to match; the Earl of Athlone—Colonel of the Life Guards—and Princess Alice, the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse; Sir Alan Lascelles, the Netherlands Ambassador and his wife; General Sir Charles Loyd, G.O.C., London Command; Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, Colonel of the "Blues," and Lt.-Col. Sir Robert Gooch, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Household Cavalry, were some of the very distinguished crowd who saw the presentation and admired the fine horses picked from the best blood of the three famous Dutch horse-breeding provinces, Friesland, Gelderland and Groningen.

### CHINA BALL

LADY DALRYMPLE-CHAMPNEYS, as chairman, worked hard to see that the China Ball given in aid of the British United Aid to China was a real success, and as much like a private party as possible. The ballroom looked very gay with Chinese lanterns hanging from the ceiling and little flags of many nations fluttering on the supper tables. There was a reception before the dance, when the guests were received by the Hon. Lady Cripps wearing green and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys in pale pink with a lovely ruby and diamond necklace. Among those who took parties were Prince and Princess Galitzine, the latter looking chic in pink. H.E. the Colombian Ambassador and Mme. Echandia had a party of young people with them, and Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys had a long table where, among their guests, I saw Mrs. Attlee, the Hon. Lady Cripps, her son-in-law and daughter, Sir Robert and Lady Ricketts; her younger daughter, Miss Peggy Cripps, who was dancing with Mr. Alan Jarvis; the Hon. John Moran, Mrs. Miller and Major Shankland Moore.

Mrs. A. V. Alexander was greeting many friends during the evening at her corner table, and Mrs. Washington Singer, who I was glad to hear will have a two-year-old in training next year, so that once again we shall have the pleasure of seeing those famous green-and-white colours competing on a racecourse, had a party

of six. Mr. and Mrs. Kitson had a party including Sir Humphrey Prideaux-Brune and Mr. Berkeley Gage, lately returned from Chungking, where he was First Secretary at the Embassy. At the Chinese Embassy table I saw the Chargé d'Affaires, Mr. C. K. Sze, Mr. and Mrs. Tan Pao-Shen and Dr. Hsu Mo, recently appointed judge at the Interim Court of The Hague, who was over here on a short visit. He was accompanied by his wife, who wore an enchanting black satin Chinese dress.

Among the dancers I noticed Lord Burghley, Sir Alfred and Lady Suenson Taylor, Lord Morris, Lady Kathleen Elliott and Capt. Campbell McCallum. Others who brought parties were Lady Crosfield, Mme. Phang, the Countess of Midleton, Sir Frank and Lady Sanderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. von Neurath, who had a party of twelve; Sir Samuel Runganadhan, Mrs. Stuart Vogt, Sir Donald Banks, Mrs. Reynolds Veitch and Sir Wavell and Lady Wakefield.

### GLORIOUS GOODWOOD

IT was grand to be racing once again at Goodwood. This lovely Sussex course looked and rode in beautiful condition. The stands still showed signs of wear and tear from their occupation by the R.A.F., but Mr. Ralph Hubbard, the popular and efficient Clerk of the Course, is to be congratulated on getting everything in order again so quickly for a very enjoyable meeting. The first day there was a high wind which developed into a gale by night, but after that the weather was kinder.

As usual, there were many house-parties for the meeting. The Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Gordon, who own Goodwood, had a small family party including their two school-boy sons, the sixteen-year-old Earl of March and his younger brother, Lord Nicholas Gordon-Lennox, whom I noticed were both great enthusiasts and watched the racing carefully with other young contemporaries. The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk had a party at Arundel Castle, which is within easy reach of the course, among their guests being the Duchess's mother, the Countess of Rosebery, Lord and Lady Irwin, and Lord and Lady Feversham. Both the Duke of Richmond and Gordon and the Duke of Norfolk are Stewards of the meeting, with Sir Humphrey de Trafford and Mr. Fred Withington.





### In the Crypt of the House of Commons

The twin sons of Mr. Gordon Walker, M.P. for Smethwick, were christened Alan and Robin, and the Mayor of Smethwick, Councillor J. E. Brain, was one of the godparents. In the above group are Councillor Brain, Mrs. Gordon Walker holding Alan, Mrs. D. Kent, Mr. Gordon Walker holding Robin, the Mayoress of Smethwick, and Judith, Caroline and Ann Walker

The Stewards' Cup on the opening day proved to be a most exciting race and a handicapper's dream, as the first six horses passed the post with less than a length dividing them. The race was won by Commissar, which is owned jointly by the brothers Alan and Arthur Budgett, both well known in the Bicester country, where their father was M.F.H. for some years. The favourite, Sir John Jarvis's Royal Charger, was second, beaten only by a head, a magnificent effort, as he was carrying top weight, and no horse carrying top weight has, I believe, won this race for over 100 years. Sir John was partly compensated for this disappointment when his good stayer Reynard Volant won the Goodwood Stakes the following day.

### WATCHING THE RACING

SIR HAROLD AND LADY ZIA WERNHER (who looked elegant in navy blue) were chatting to the Earl of Durham: Lady Zia's Fairwell ran third in the Goodwood Stakes. Kathleen Marchioness of Hartington, wearing an enormous red hat with her red coat, was chatting to Sir Richard Sykes, who, I hear, has a promising lot of yearlings at his famous Sledmere Stud this year. Lady Stanley was sitting with her sister, Lady de Trafford, between the races. Lady Jane Nelson, another wearing a red hat with her black coat, was with her husband and her sister, Lady Mary Rose Williams.

The Duchess of Norfolk wore an attractive little white-plumed halo with her navy blue coat and climbed high in the stand to watch all the races. Lady Broughton and her son, Sir Evelyn Broughton, were chatting to Commander and Mrs. Scott Miller. Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hawkins brought Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Hollebhone, who were staying with them at their new home quite near the course.

Others I saw during the four days were the Earl of Harewood, Lord Grimthorpe, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchan, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dennis, Mr. Peter Burrell, who manages the National Stud, the Hon. Richard Stanley, the Marquess of Hartington, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Butler, Marigold Countess of Londesborough, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Drabble, Mr. Bernard van Cutsem, Miss Priscilla Bullock, Sir Thomas Butler, Major Giles Loder, Lord Stavordale, Mrs. John Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, Mr. and Mrs. Auriol Gaselee, Mr. John Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Rank, Mrs. Bob Lyle, Lady Helen Smith, Prince Aly Khan, Mr. Peter Cazalet, Viscountess Lambton, Sir Eric and Lady Ohlson, Lord Portarlington, the Hon. Lionel Montague, Sir Frank Sanderson, Lord Nunburnholme, Mr. Tommy Egerton, Lord and Lady Roderic Pratt, Lord Herbert Herve and Miss Rachel Parsons.

### LADY NEWMAN'S DANCE

LADY NEWMAN was one of the last hostesses of the season when she gave a very successful dance for her daughters, Annabel and

Lynette, recently. Many of Lady Newman's friends gave dinner-parties first of all, and arriving together at the dance I saw Viscount Garnock, Miss Alatheia Fitzalan-Howard, Miss Zelda Lloyd, Mr. John Swinton, Miss Ursula James and many others.

The dance floor was crowded almost immediately, and thoroughly enjoying themselves I saw the Marquess of Blandford, who later sat at a table with Miss Violet de Trafford, Lord Stanley and his brother, the Hon. Richard Stanley, and Mr. Jeremy Tree. Amongst some of the attractive girls I saw dancing were the Hon. Karis Mond, who was with Capt. Philip Briant, Miss Annabel Newman, the hostess's attractive elder daughter, who wore an unusual frock of black tulle trimmed with emerald green; Miss Averil Curzon, Miss Georgina Philippi, in white muslin and wide apricot-coloured sash, Miss Sarah Beckwith-Smith, Miss Cherry Henderson-Scott, the Hon. Diana Berry, Lady Grisel Ogilvy, whose elder sister married a few days before; Miss Virginia Hutchison and Miss Prue Stewart-Wilson.

Lord Melchett's son and heir, the Hon. Julian Mond, was enjoying the excellent supper of strawberries and other delicacies served in the gallery overlooking the dance floor, and here I also saw Mr. and Mrs. Grimston with their son Robert, who is in the Scots Guards, Miss Sheena Mackintosh, the Hon. Charles Stourton, Mr. George Llewellyn, Capt. Patrick Higgins, the Hon. Miriam Fitzalan-Howard, Lady Cecelia Fitzroy, the Dowager Duchess of Grafton's daughter, Miss Paddy Duncan, the Hon. Caroline Cust, who was one of the youngest guests present and who looked attractive in pale blue, Mr. Francis Dashwood, who was discussing his coming-of-age party to be held at West Wycombe Park at the beginning of August, Miss Charlotte Raeburn, Miss Rosy Newman, Miss Monica Stourton, Miss Angela Cayzer, in flame-coloured tulle, Miss Gillian Loder, Capt. Gurney and his sister, Miss Isobel Gurney, Miss June Cory-Wright, Mr. Richard Lumley, Lord Porchester, Major Butter and Miss Gillian Gurney.

### LORD LOUIS' GODSON

ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN was a godfather at the christening of W/Cdr. and Mrs. Alan Campbell Johnson's son, Keith, at St. Faith's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, recently. The service was conducted by the Dean of Westminster, and a reception was afterwards held at the Savoy. Lady Louis Mountbatten, in her St. John's uniform, arrived with her husband.

W/Cdr. Campbell Johnson served for four years on the staff of Combined Operations in South-East Asia Command. He was in charge of the Anglo-American Record Section. Before the war he was Parliamentary Secretary to Sir Archibald Sinclair, and wrote biographies of Anthony Eden and Lord Halifax. Mrs. Campbell Johnson was formerly Miss Fay Dunlap, daughter of the late Alexander Dunlap, of the U.S.A.



Bertram Park

Miss Venetia Fawcus, who is the daughter of Mrs. Arthur Fawcus and the late Lt.-Col. Fawcus, D.S.O., M.C., T.D., and granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Willie James, was at school in Virginia, U.S.A., during the war



Pearl Freeman

Mrs. J. K. Watkins is the elder daughter of Mr. R. S. Hellaby, of Lower Park, Dedham, Essex, and married Cdr. John Kingdon Watkins, O.B.E., R.N., the England, Navy and Somerset Rugby player, in July of this year.



Harlip

Miss Patricia Mountbatten is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, and a cousin of the Marquess of Milford Haven. Her engagement to Lord Brabourne, Coldstream Guards, was announced recently





## HOLLAND'S GIFT TO THE KING

During a recent visit to the King, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland presented His Majesty with thirty-six horses as a goodwill gift from the Dutch Government. The presentation was made in the Quadrangle of Buckingham Palace, in the presence of the Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and a distinguished company. The horses, all bred in Holland, are thirty blacks and six Windsor Greys. Some of them will be retained by the King for his private use, but the majority will go to the Household Cavalry. Above, the Queen is seen with one of the horses. In her Social Journal on page 202, Jennifer writes of Queen Wilhelmina's visit, and gives other details of the ceremony

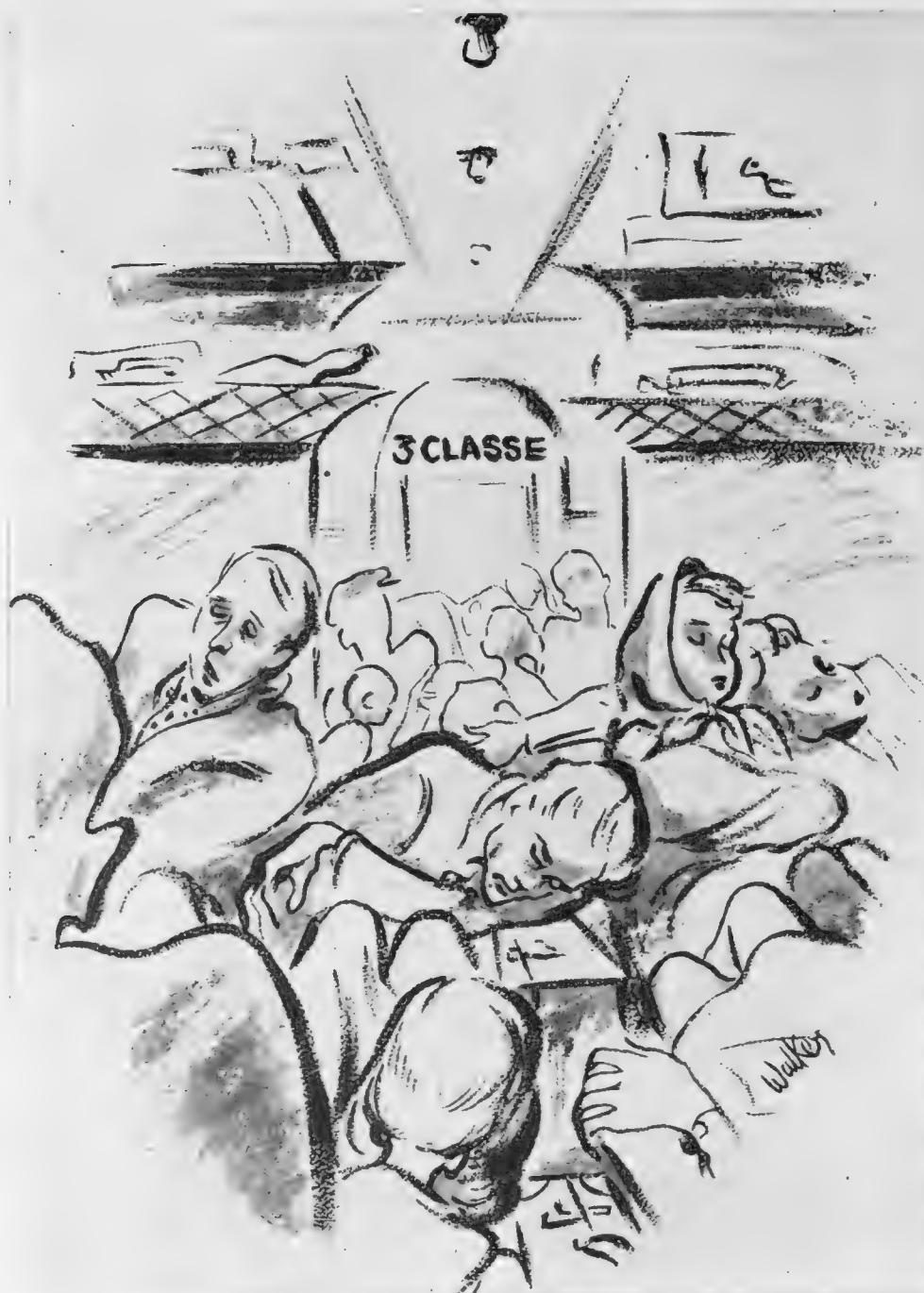


# INTERLUDE

The formality of the presentation was dispelled as the King and Queen, with the two Princesses, talked to a young officer. Queen Wilhelmina is seen behind the King







## Trouble and Strife in a Railway Carriage

### The Rocky Road to the Alps

Europeans still dizzy from the cramps and convulsions of war look upon Switzerland as the ultimate in civilised comfort and enjoyment. But those going there may yet have to suffer a uniquely painful experience if, caught up in the intricacies of the post-war French railways, they find themselves obliged to travel third. For the carriages are not carriages alone; they serve as warehouses, nurseries, even modest farmyards, and there is a constant coming and going in circumstances where no movement would seem possible. The sleep slept in them is that of exhaustion. Nothing less is sufficient to close the drowsy senses against the uproar and jostling.

But if, on awakening, such a sight greets the eye as this girl, in Swiss national costume, with all the promise of a country unscarred by warfare and bitterness, who shall not say of the journey, "It was worth it"?

Sketches by Ruth Walker



## PRISCILLA

"A strange, new

I DID not dream that I could be so sentimental! When I settled what I will call "my contours" into the driving-seat of Miss Chrysler 1926, in order to drive from the Island up to Paris, there were tears in my eyes and I had to fiddle with the screen-wiper—that was a thought lackadaisical for a wet day—while the mist cleared away.

Jean Bachmac, my old pal the garagist, who had hidden her for me during Occupation and had made the few necessary adjustments needed after her six-years sleep, understood and beamed upon us with benignity, while the greasy youngsters that do odd jobs around the place gaped in open-mouthed amazement at the smooth purr of the six cylinders that, at one time, I never dared to hope I would hear again. The great idea seems to have been that in Paris I would sell her for more than I could get on the Island, but the great idea will have to be reconsidered. I just don't think I can do it.

We have been through too much together, that old bus and I, and I can't let her go. The way she hummed up the hills between somewhere on the west coast and Paris was something to gladden the heart of the most hardened mechanic, and what it has done to my sentimental mainspring can be guessed. We shed a few rusty bits of coachwork as we came along, but the engine. . . !

THE trouble is, of course, that the Powers-That-Be are making dirty weather about a permit to run a 16 h.p. (I came up on a trade number loaned by Bachmac), and, also, that when the actual tyres are worn out I probably shall not be able to replace them, as the type needed for this particular style of "artillery" wheel is no longer made. With luck, however, I ought to get another 20,000 or 25,000 kilometres out of my six wheels (including two "spares!") as they stand. There is a good deal of getting around in 20,000 kilometres, and by the time they're accomplished I may be looking at the road from quite a different angle . . . and may it be a hearse rather than a bath-chair!

The highroads of *la belle France* are in marvellous condition on the whole, when one remembers what they have been through, or, rather, what has been through them! Summer visitors from G.B. will be well advised, however, to keep their eyes peeled for patches of a different colour on the surface. These patches, that lie over bomb craters, look smooth enough, but they often get the better of one's shock-absorbers. My old girl took them in her stride, but I saw one of the small, flea-power, sardine-tins-on-wheels that are being turned out now fly right over into the ditch.

I got back to Paris in time for the last *répétition générale* of the season. A strange, new play at the Théâtre Gramont, where Georges Rollin, one of France's most brilliant young actors, is presenting *Le Révolver de Venise*. The joint-authors are Pierre Creve and Jean Vernier, who, just before the war, gave us a clever, interesting, and also rather horrible play, *Rimbeau, Enfant Perdu*, that made the critics sit up and gasp.

THESE young people have very little money. Their only backing is their talent. In 1939 the *Rimbeau* play, ambitiously, was in nine tableaux with a company of fifteen players in costume. On the morning of the dress-rehearsal they discovered that their electric-light bulbs had been stolen and that a broker's man was taking possession of the theatre. They managed to pool what money they had, pay off the debt, obtain new lights and the performance successfully took place, only, alas, to be interrupted by the war, when all the men had to depart and do their duty!

This time they decided to play for safety as regards scenery. In *Le Révolver de Venise* the



# in PARIS

play . . . "

three acts take place in one setting that, at the same time, represents three bedrooms of a hotel at Venice. The same walls, the same bed and dressing-table, serve for all three. They just displace the door, move the furniture about, and add a few accessories in the way of flowers, lamps or suit-cases. *C'est simple, mais il fallait y penser!* Georges Rollin plays the part of a ballet dancer, Georges, who is loved by the frail and charming little ballerina, Marie, with whom he dances, and by his possessive elder sister, Paula, who jealously builds round him a protective and isolating barrier to serve her own selfish purpose. She is jealous of his friends, of his art, of his forthcoming journey to London, where he is to dance with Marie; she is even jealous of his photograph in *ZE SKETCH* (which they seem to think is a monthly magazine), and, of course, her jealousy of Marie transcends all the rest.

Marie tries, unsuccessfully, to show Georges the harm that Paula is doing. Although she does not really believe it, Paula goes to the length of suggesting to Georges that Marie is the mistress of a man whom he particularly loathes. Horrified at what he is sure must be a lie, he strikes Paula and vows that he will never see her again.

It was amusing to observe, during the interval that followed this act, how delighted the audience was that Paula—magnificently played by newcomer, Lisette Chambard—had been "thrown out on her ear," and that now all would be peace and joy for Marie! But, alas, the third act brings Paula back to present the other ear. Amazingly, the lie proves to be the truth, and Paula discovers it to be the truth. In the past, in a moment of weakness and distress, Marie had been the man's mistress. But Paula decides to keep this knowledge to herself. She tells Marie so, and begs her to intercede with Georges and obtain his forgiveness for her before she goes out of their lives forever. . . .

What else can Marie do than obey? Georges comes to say good-bye to Paula. . . . She tells him that she has lied, and his forgiveness, at first indifferently accorded, becomes sincere. . . . Their talk. . . . Memories of childhood. . . . Plans for the future. . . . perhaps. . . . The trap Paula ought to have caught is missed. . . . Oh, well, there's another in the morning. But Paula will not take it; she and Georges are slipping back into their old ways. . . . the masterful, elder sister and the spoiled, neurotic boy, and while they sit talking it is Marie who disappears. This is a play to be seen by English visitors who really understand the language.

## Voilà!

● This is the moment of the year when aspiring young writers are still bombarding actor-managers with their manuscripts, although the autumn season has long since been planned. Monsieur X, who is not yet known to fame as anything else than an inveterate first-nighter, and who is on speaking terms with *les Monstres Sacrés*, approached Louis Jouvét recently with a play in verse, in costume and in umpteen tableaux. Jouvét took it, threw it into the drawer of his desk and signified that the interview was over. "I'll bet you a thousand francs that you forget it is in that drawer," grumbled the would-be dramatist as he left. Jouvét made no reply. Next morning, however, Monsieur X received a cheque for 1000 francs



Tunbridge

Irene Ambrus, who appears in "Gay Rosalinda" (Princes Theatre), the Max Reinhardt version of Strauss's light opera "Die Fledermaus," is Hungarian born, but has lived for the past several years in London. Her performance as Adèle during the former run of "Gay Rosalinda" at the Palace, with Richard Tauber conducting, established her as a leading light-opera singer. She has appeared in a Continental production of the opera and recollects that her Spanish grandmother, the Baroness de Mahjo, attended the first night of the original work in Vienna in 1876. Miss Ambrus still has the programme. Among her leisure-time pursuits is the painting of china, mugs and jars with the floral and conventional designs in brilliant colours so popular in Central Europe



*Cdr. G. I. Palmer, Mr. A. C. Somerset and Mrs. G. I. Palmer*



*Mrs. George Pike, Miss Diana Pike, Major S. A. Pike, Mrs. S. A. Pike and Major George Pike*



*The Countess of Feversham, who is the Earl of Halifax's only daughter, with her brother, Lord Irwin*



*Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, who both have several good horses in training*

## GOODWOOD BECKON

Despite Uncertain Weather, Huge Crowds  
Years. They Saw Some First-Class Racing



*The Scene From the Famous*





Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Weber  
were among the racegoers



Miss Sophie Bebb and Col. and Mrs.  
Basil Bebb

## —AND RACEGOERS OBEY

Flocked to the First Goodwood Meeting for Seven  
Days on This Most Picturesque of English Courses

(More Pictures on pages 212 and 213)



Trundle Hill During the Craven Stakes



The 'Earl of Portarlington, who' is the sixth Earl  
and succeeded to the title in 1900



Lord and Lady Delamere and a friend. Lady  
Delamere is Lady Louis Mountbatten's younger sister



### Cricket in Malta: the Royal Navy Beat the R.A.F. by 90 Runs

*The Royal Navy XI.—Sitting: P/O. White, Lt. the Hon. M. Tennyson, Surg. Lt.-Cdr. Bralderson (captain), Lt. F. Nunn, Sub-Lt. Elms. Standing: S/A. Fickling, Lt. Watts, Lt. E. Cochafer, Lt.-Cdr. Baal (umpire), Sub-Lt. Parry-Richards, Sub-Lt. McClure, P/O. Marner*



*The R.A.F. XI.—Sitting: L.A.C. Crawshaw, F/Lt. Clegg, S/Ldr. Krarup (captain), W/Cdr. Maurice, L.A.C. Taylor, L.A.C. Lockett, L.A.C. Williams. Standing: F/O. McGlashan, Sgt. Scrivener, L.A.C. Carter, G/Capt. Rump, F/Lt. Hards*

**P**UZZLED by the shy reluctance of the Fleet Street boys to discuss those mysterious military rockets which have been seen bursting like a Brock's benefit over South-Eastern Norway, we asked a suave, non-committal diplomat chap about them. He said they must be fired by the fairies from the Never-Never Land.

We discover he is right. The Norwegians are apparently suffering this fairy bombardment in retaliation for the way the celebrated Peer Gynt used to bash the trolls up on the Fjäll; but today the issue is, of course, complicated and "ideological." Trolls don't normally mix with the fairies. "Let's all fly to Kensington Gardens and knock hell out of that so-and-so Peter Pan!" is a familiar troll-cry when drunk. However, a tough Australian fairy named Digger Jake McCoy recently organised the Elfin Peoples' Front, and "Solidarity" is the slogan henceforth, a chap in close touch was telling us. "Fascist scab or no fascist scab," roared the terrible Digger at the Central Executive last month, "lay off that basket Pan, coppers—he's mine." When the time comes for Comrade Pan to experience a Dweifle Big Adventure, Digger Jake McCoy will be the fairy behind the Tommy-gun.

#### Footnote

**Y**ou ask where Little Mother Wendy comes into this imbroglio? You probably mean Comrade Wendova, Chief Liaison Commissar with the Moscow Fairy Centrum. Every time that sweetheart spits, another sweet little Marxist elf is born in Charlotte Street, Bloomsbury.

#### Rap

**D**OUBTLESS the recent baked-bean famine at Boston, Mass.,

The land of the Bean and the Cod,  
Where Lowells speak only to Cabots,  
And Cabots speak only to God,

failed to shake the hub of that cultural centre very profoundly. In the patrician Back Bay quarter Boston society abstains frigidly from cheap canned foods and all vulgarity, though the original Cabot might well have welcomed a few cases of pork-and-beans when his caravels sailed from Bristol. Salt junk and a jovial curse were what "choosy" chaps got from Master Sebastian, who had no social inhibitions. When his descendants began to be exclusive we haven't discovered—possibly about the time of the Boston Tea-Party (1773), when local citizens boarding the British tea-ships disguised themselves as Indians. Today Americans passionately love dressing up in fancy costume. Then, as the reigning Cabot almost certainly pointed out in a stiff communication to the *Boston News-Letter*, it was an innovation.

SIR,—It has been justly observed, by a clafick Philosopher, that it is but one step from the quagmire of vacuity into the gulph of madnefs. To flaunt onefelf publickly in the coftume of an *Indian* is a procedure caufing the elegant bofom to heave, and the refined cheek to flufh. I have no heftitation in branding any fuch traitour to *Boftonian* good-tafte as a loufe.

J. H. G. SEBASTIAN CABOT XIV.

Given at my Houfe in Bofton, December 18, MDCCLXXIII.

After which the reigning Cabot rang for his glass-coach, called on the reigning Lowell in his peach-and-silver Court suit, and took an oath with him never, never to speak to anybody

again, since the person thus favoured might turn out to be a cad.

#### Songbird

**D**ESCRIBING Gertrude Stein as "a short thickset figure with an almost exaggeratedly Red Indian cast of countenance," Auntie *Times's* obituary boy had evidently viewed the Girl Who Led the Anglo-Saxon Bourgeoisie Up The Garden in a different lighting from us. When we met La Stein at a party in Paris a few years ago she resembled nothing less than a Buddha in meditation, massive, Oriental, impressive as a monolith, and really quite nice.

Fascinated by (a) that meeting, (b) a Stein poem beginning:

George is a lion,  
There is no hope . . .

and (c) a portrait of the poet by Tchelitchev, exhibited in a West End gallery some time later and described in the catalogue as "Sitting Bull," we once essayed a companion-piece to the "George" poem in (so far as possible) the same incomparable style:

Gert is a sitter,  
There is no bull,  
Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Three bags full;  
Twice ten are fifty,  
Mud in your eye,  
Sweet Annie Laurie  
Loves C. B. Fry.  
Storks in the pantry  
Glitter like hay,  
Everyone's bughouse  
Once in a way;  
Clark is a Gable,  
Okay by me,  
Baby likes Grandma,  
L.P.T.B.

One asks oneself—does not one?—if Auntie *Times* would have discovered a "distinctive profundity" in that, had it been put across her as a bit of vintage Stein by some naughty person. What? Really? Oh, you are awful.

#### Baroque

**A**PART from the fine "period" exhibition in the Pavilion, Brighton's Regency Festival seemed a slightly synthetic experiment in the Baroque, a spy was telling us.

In the great days of "Prinny" and Brummell and Lord "Apricot-Tart" Alvanley and Colonel Hanger and Lord Barrymore and "Golden Ball" Hughes and all the rakes, the principal language used at Brighton was English, which made everything easier. However, one can't help thinking that long-suffering Mrs. Fitzherbert's drawing-room on the Steyne might have sounded more colourful today.







Memorial Cricket Match at Wellingborough: Wellingborough v. the Wanderers

The Public Schools Wanderers team.—Front row: J. F. S. Llewellyn, F. H. C. Tatham, A. J. Pickard, C. Burton (captain), P. H. R. Hawkes, A. P. Henderson. Back row: J. Lundman, J. H. Oughton, D. M. Young, J. J. Wright, Sgt. B. Shepherd (New Zealand)



The Wellingborough XI.—Front row: R. K. Stoner, I. G. Home, E. S. White (captain), J. B. Riley, F. J. Beltan, T. B. Lee. Back row: H. M. Denton, D. L. Miles, M. B. P. Pilcher, M. P. Barlett, A. P. Bruce

## Standing By ...

"Lookit, Ike, by my wife it should not be so schön so the Big Shot should gave me one dirty look!"

"Maybe you got it so you fix him eighty-per-cent, yet?"

"By him that should be astronomich that guy in the pink velvet pants says to Steinberg."

Enter the Regent in lemon-coloured satin, with suite, murmuring languidly "Hiya, folks!" A number of vivid, exotic pans are inspected through the R-y-l quizzing-glass with a light shudder. Brummell emits a saucy epigram which falls flat, no interpreter being present. Barrymore and Hanger pay cynical compliments to opulent beauties. Negus is served.

### Finale

UNDER the big Venetian-glass chandelier a Committee of Action is formed to put Joe Goldwasser of the Money Market on the skids. Mrs. Fitzherbert retires with a headache. The Prince her husband falls asleep on a lilac-brocade sofa. Brummell snores in an easy chair. Hanger and Barrymore play leapfrog. The Committee warms up.

"... so it should be like maybe I poke you one in the snoot, no?"

"Okay you poke me in the snoot and I should maybe let you yet!"

"Gentle (hic) men!"

It is the Mayor of Brighton, practically nude except for a rose-wreath and a gilt bow-and-arrow, having mistaken tonight's rout for last Friday's Grand Masquerade at the Pavilion.

### Squawk

A FAINT, muffled squeak from a citizen in a daily paper hoping that any hospitals built by the State in the nationalised future will be things of beauty seemed to us too terribly pathetic.

There are still a few beautiful hospitals, all ancient, flourishing in the world; two or three in Italy and the one at Beaune, in Burgundy, for example. Probably the last of them is the Hospital of the Caridad at Seville, founded 300 years ago by the penitent Don Juan de Marañón, whose tombstone in the chapel-doorway, by his desire so placed that all may tread on it, bears that superb Latin epitaph beginning: "Here lie the bones of the worst man in the world."

The Don's architects designed long, lofty, airy wards with graceful vaulted ceilings; in a huge stone basin in the courtyard blooms a thick mass of fragrant roses, said to have been planted by his own hand. You won't find a British Commissar of Health in 1947 indulging in such whimsies or passing anything but a bleakly "functional" glass-and-steel confection, the

offspring of a prison and an automobile-factory. For all the boys who rule our destiny are—have you ever noticed?—divorced from all the Graces.

### Afterthought

AS for architects. . . . A chap tells us that if you ring up the R.I.B.A. (WELbeck 5721) and ask courteously, "How happens it, Sirs, that the only comely public building erected in London during the past 25 years is Battersea Power Station?" the frenzy at the other end is like bath-night in the Ape House.

### Check

AMONG other mishaps, July's great storm A apparently interrupted the filming at Ealing of *Nicholas Nickleby*, which had to be held up for an hour owing to the noise outside.

Hollywood would probably have turned that storm to good effect by switching instantly to the big scene, ideally indicated for incidental thunder, where Nicholas rescues his swoony love on her wedding-day from the ignoble Gride and defies his Uncle Ralph in terms which every business man will recognise as terse and telling.

"My curse, my bitter, deadly curse, upon you, boy!" (Thunder.)

"Whence will curses come at your command? (Thunder.) Or what avails a curse or blessing from a man like you? I tell you—"

(The rest of the scene in dumb-show, owing to continuous thunder. Nicholas gives Uncle Ralph the "V" sign, tosses his bride over his shoulder,

and rushes out. Nickleby says to Gride, on his fingers, "I fancy you have bitched it." Gride says, also on his fingers, "Let's get the hell outa here." Exeunt both crooks, bowed with shame, into the storm.)

Resource of this kind is one of the things which distinguish Hollywood from all its imitators. Any British production of *Romeo and Juliet*, for example, would probably be held up for some time if a wasp stung Romeo on the trousers at the apex of the Balcony Scene. A good Hollywood producer would simply call for one line of interpolated dialogue establishing that it's a Renaissance-Wop custom suddenly to dance and yell while making love to a Veronese broad, and carry smoothly on in glorious Technicolor. Just a matter of mental alertness, no doubt.

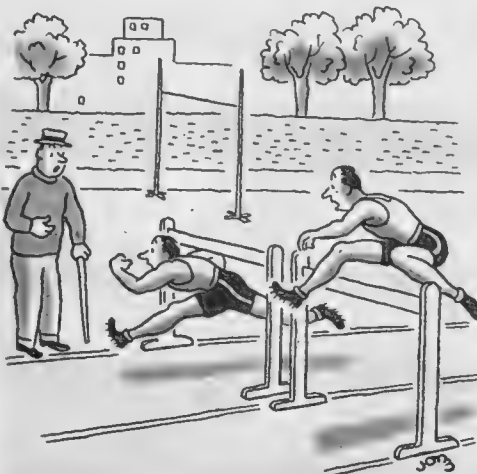
### Song

APROPOS nothing in particular, we thought A you might like for a change to hear one of the lesser-known love-songs of Donne, whose mistress complained to him in July 1626 about being stared rudely at by haddocks in the early morning. The (then) Dean of St. Paul's at once sat down at his tulipwood escritoire and wrote the following remonstrance:

To Haddocks, Scolding Them.

Haddocks away! goe seeke some other Dwelling;  
No longer stay  
When *Philomel* untoo the Skie her love is telling,  
So bright the Daie;  
Why doo ye now beset, in various Sizes,  
My Mistris when she rises?  
This is no Time for Fishe to glowre at one  
That doth outshine the Sunne;  
Goe, goe, ye frowsie Monnins, for in Hue  
And Shape alike, my Love surpasseth you.

The lady's disability turned out to be what the eminent Dr. Sydenham termed "the incipient jiggs." Was Donne red!



"No, no, Phillips, over, not under!"



"What have you got that is out of season?"

## SCOREBOARD

CANTERBURY Cricket Festival rolls round again, with its gay, marquees and, if the Colonel should be asked and give permission, the Band of the Buffs. The first County match I ever saw was at Canterbury. We drove over from Margate in the family Panhard, which punctured and had its offending tyre stuffed with straw by a contemptuous ostler.

It was Kent v. Hampshire. Charles Fry, wearing a billowy sun-hat, made a century in each innings for Hampshire, and kept cutting the Kent express, Arthur Fielder, for fours that were almost sixes. He also had a row with Kent—a good one, so he has told me—because Ted Dillon, their captain, instructed the great slow left-hander, Blythe, to bowl full-pitchers out of the setting sun at Fry's head. Fry stood aside, protested and—went on to his hundred. Strange and ridiculous that Blythe should have been asked to do such a blundering thing, for of all bowlers he was the most artistic and sensitive; so highly strung that he often could not sleep during a Test match.

Years later, I spent a memorable hour at Canterbury's "Saracen's Head." Midsummer madness was about. A citizen in a straw entered for refreshment. Within ten seconds his hat had been lifted; within another ten, it had been dismembered. We collected the pieces and he passed them round for autographs.

THAT was the last time I saw that fine actor Donald Calthrop. Do you remember him in *Rome Express*, and the spasms of weak terror on his face when he knew he was to be murdered for the sake of a masterpiece in oils? At Canterbury, he was laughing, unquenchably, at the antics of Bryan Valentine, now the Kent captain. Valentine, surely, is unlucky if he doesn't go to Australia with Hammond's team.

It was in the Committee seats at Canterbury that I was once received in audience by Lord Harris, for many years the just and able dictator of Marylebone and Kent, whose Memorial gardens at Lord's provide refuge from the statistician and the bore. He was in benevolent mood, for Kent was beating Somerset. "Well, my lord," I said at length, "I must be going in to bat now." "Good-bye, Lyon," he said.

TIME does not seem to touch wicket-keepers. At the age of fifty, Arthur Newton made five catches in an innings against Kent, in 1913. Newton was called "Chatterbox" by Sam Woods because of his gift of silence. And now two elders have been recalled, Fred Price by Middlesex; Arthur Wood by Yorkshire. Price, at forty-four, is likely to frighten all but the most hardened batsmen, as, when he is cleared for action, he is left with one very menacing upper tooth. Coming in to the side when C. R. Maxwell lost form, he has so far, according to Denis Compton, missed next to nothing.

Yorkshire's Arthur Wood is forty-seven, and is taking the place of the England wicketkeeper, Paul Gibb, who has injured a finger. Round, resilient and genial, he is the hero of a famous taxi-ride from Harrogate to the Oval, whither he was summoned at the eleventh hour to play in the marathon Test against Australia in 1938. The taxi-driver, when asked about their journey, said, "Mr. Wood is a very funny gentleman." In that Test, Wood made three catches, and contributed 53 to England's total of 903 for seven wickets.

by R.C. Robertson Glasgow



Gordon Richards on *Radiotherapy* beating his brother, Cliff Richards, on *Aldis Lamp*, in the finish of the Sussex Stakes at Goodwood. More photographs of the meeting will be found on pp. 208 and 209

## A Finish on the Downs

And Some of Those Who Saw It



Commander and Mrs. Geoffrey Palmer and Mr. A. C. Somerset (centre), who were among the racegoers. (See also opposite page)



By "Sabretache"

# PICTURES IN THE FIRE

VERY often negative information is quite as valuable as the positive kind! For instance, if there are only three places A, B and C, where X can possibly be, it is a definite gain to know that he is at neither A nor C.

Gulf Stream won the Eclipse Stakes in the style of the good horse we know him to be, and in the style of one that is well. It was no kind of Leger gallop, and following him home were two animals, which, previously, had been much over-rated. If Gulf Stream had not beaten them both pointless, it would have been a sheer waste of good time making any further effort to get him ready to run on September 11th. The shrinkage in his price for the Leger was not justified by just a good 1½-mile working gallop, for that is all that the Eclipse was. The horse was not fully extended, and, therefore, neither you nor I need worry ourselves about the moderate time.

I suggest also that we do not take any further notice of either Edward Tudor or Khaled. The latter's connections at once put the pen through his name for the Leger, the patent fact being that they have got a nailing good Hunt Cup horse, and that the journey at Doncaster would be just about one mile too far for him. Whether Edward Tudor's fair owner will come to the same conclusion remains to be seen. The evidence seems to be just as conclusive as it is in the case of the attractive Khaled. The bookmakers said immediately after the Eclipse that Edward Tudor had a 50-to-1 chance in the Leger.

## The Inevitable Crabbers

AFTER saying that Gulf Stream beat nothing, which was true, these very industrious gentlemen attacked his lineage, and suggested that he was not truly bred to stay. I think that it would tax most of us to concoct a better recipe than that in his pedigree. It may be recalled that the same thing has been said about Airborne, and continued to be said until some wise men, including the Naval Laird of Pitcaple Castle, said that that was just bosh. Gulf Stream may not beat Airborne at Doncaster, but his breeding will have nothing to do with his defeat.

Next we come to Tudor Minstrel, who has never been out of a canter as he passed the post, and made Kingsclere (received 9 lb.) look very cheap in the National Breeders' Produce Stakes at Ascot. "They" say he may not stay! Pigs may never fly! But how can anyone know—yet? All that is positive is that he is a good one of his age, good-tempered and willing, and that Mr. Jack Dewar displays his national canniness in putting him by until next year.

It is not difficult to understand why the doubters throw out their warning. It is the old Amphion prejudice. Tudor Minstrel has Sundridge the Speedy in the bottom lines of his pedigree. Yet Amphion was bred on as good staying lines as St. Simon himself, and traces back to the selfsame great tap-root, Blacklock. If Tudor Minstrel had marked to Amphion in colour he might have had even more critics: but he is a good brown, and not a chestnut. When and if Sayajirao wins the Middle Park Plate, capping his recent win over 6 furlongs at Hurst Park, what will the robins do then, poor things?

## Positive Information

THERE is no "perhaps" about the racing news from Western India, and "war" seems to have broken out a bit sooner than even my correspondent and I (*vide* the recent notes in this page) imagined that it would. The Bombay Government, which I gather is about 99 per cent. Congress, has plainly let its intentions be known: no English or foreign, including Arab, horses allowed to compete: no foreign jockeys, and two Stewards and two members of the Committee of the R.W.I.T.C. to be appointed by the Bombay Government.

This means that the club eventually will wind itself up and leave the Government of Bombay to try its luck at forming a new Racing Authority and obtain recognition of it by the English Jockey Club. The supreme Racing Authority in England may not take kindly to an Authority in India, which, on the face of it, is purely political; in fact, we may safely assume that such recognition will not be accorded, and without it, the Bombay Government Racing Authority may find the road ahead full of some very rugged rocks.

I am now hourly expecting to hear exactly the same news from Calcutta. The R.C.T.C. are not likely to hesitate about the line they will adopt, and the same remarks apply to racing in Eastern India.

## Our Uncouth Land

IN almost any country, excepting the semi-civilised one in which we live, when gentlemen are as rude to one another as some of our compatriots are at this moment, there is only one possible solution. Unhappily, perhaps, as things are with us at this moment, there are certain little legal technicalities governing homicide. I feel, however, that these could be quite easily ironed out by a short Enabling Act, which would be certain of a lightning passage through all three stages in the Commons, and would come back from the Lords with even greater celerity without so much as the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of a "t."

Any practised Parliamentary draughtsman could knock the little Bill off in a few minutes, say, between his after-lunch cup of coffee and his first cigar, pipe or cigarette, as the case might be. In these times when the shortage of newsprint is still so acute, the sooner that this Bill is on the Statute Book the better, and unlike some others, a favourable "Press" is already assured to it.

## A Shining Example

OF course, we might not be able at once to attain to the perfection in matters of detail as that reached by some of our neighbours, but we should only need a little practice. In France the blades are always surgically sterilised before being handed (by their hilts) to the persons who are to use them; and even more than this: whilst the contest is in progress, two skilled *maîtres d'armes* stand by ready to knock the weapons up should a point touch the ground. Two freshly sterilised implements are then supplied. They are as careful about lockjaw as all that!

Seeing that in épée play the whole surface of your opposite number is your oyster from his Adam's apple to his ankle, a point might easily hit the floor, and this is why the French are so pernickety. Quite apart from all other considerations, sport with the épée is of as great medicinal value as the more violent forms of horseback riding, such as steeplechasing and broncho-busting, and this is an additional reason why I think that all haste should be exercised in producing this Duel Purpose Enactment.

## "Cutting a Voluntary"

THIS is hunting and steeplechasing slang for the most involuntary act in the whole art and science of Equitation. Variants, all of them rather coarse and vulgar, are "leaving the dish, or plate," "decanted," "distributed," "clouted off," and such-like.

These ruminations are induced by the good performances, and the promise of more, of a racehorse owned by a distinguished violinist and humorist. The name of the animal under reference is Voluntary, recent winner of the Summer Handicap at Newmarket, and very likely that rare thing, a true stayer. He is by Foxhunter out of Gliding: only a fair success in nomenclature; for usually, there is not much "gliding" about a "voluntary"; it is short, sharp and often quite painful.



Mr. Colin Munro, whose father is head of the British Finance Committee in Washington, and Mrs. Gordon Munro



Mr. and Mrs. John Corbett, who were watching the racing on the second day



Mrs. Murray Smith and G/Captain Thynne

Goodwood Spectators



Aldershot Horse Show:  
The Coaches Turn Out

Even a five-mile drive did not take the exhibition gloss off the coach entries at the Aldershot Horse Show, organised by the Corps of Military Police for their Benevolent Fund. The winner was Captain W. Pearson, R.A.S.C. (middle coach)

## ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Bright Day"

"Myrmyda"

"The American People"

"Suitable for Framing"

J. B. PRIESTLEY'S new novel, *Bright Day* (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.), reads like a final comment on all nostalgic literature. Infinitely unlike Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*, it has, roughly speaking, the same theme—the enslavement of a young man's imagination by a romantic, glamorous, highly-characterised family. Love for a group, for an apparent secret society of happy, handsome people with their own way of living—how powerful it can be; especially when the lover is to an extent the outsider, the lone wolf! The same theme occurs in Proust's *In a Budding Grove*; when the adolescent hero, on holiday with his grandmother at the seaside, becomes obsessed by a party of unknown young girls whom he sees bicycling, laughing and talking along the Balbec sea-front. For a long time he cannot, and does not wish to, differentiate between one girl and another; he does not know which one he is in love with—in fact, he is *not* in love with a particular one; it is the delicious complicity and gaiety of the whole young party, as a party, that has enchanted him. Evelyn Waugh's hero originally comes under the spell of Brideshead through friendship with a son of the house at Oxford; his falling in love, later on, with the married sister only renews the spell and repeats the tie.

Gregory Dawson, hero of *Bright Day*, has, when we meet him at the start of the novel,

completely outgrown, outdistanced, forgotten the 1913 romantic episode of his youth: he is jerked back into its ambience by a chance meeting. The Gregory of 1946 is a successful novelist—solitary, wary, hard-working and disabused. He has gone down to an hotel in Cornwall (deliberately chosen for its expensive dreariness) to work against time on a film script. To the hotel dining-room enter a desiccated, sixty-year-old couple, Lord and Lady Harndean, whose faces nag at his memory in a ghostly way. Then, he places them—these are the former Malcolm and Eleanor Nixey; who, more than thirty years ago, as a young married couple, made such a dramatic, and in its results fatal, appearance in a West Riding town. The evening Gregory recognises the Nixeys, the hotel orchestra plays a Schubert melody which transports him into the heart of the distant past.

### The Alingtons

ONWARD from that evening, in the first chapter, Gregory is living a double life. He is living, that is to say, in two times at once—or, at least, two times in vivid, close alternation—the Bruddersford of "then"; the Cornish hotel of "now." Where imaginative suction is concerned, the "then" decidedly has it: his working, eating and sleeping routine in Cornwall is no more than a frame for the intense, re-lived existence of Bruddersford. Long

ago, in that industrial town, the eighteen-year-old Gregory, orphaned, a would-be writer, had been living with his uncle and aunt. He had been taken on as a clerk by the prosperous wool firm of Hawes and Company: going to and from work, he has been fascinated by a vivacious, handsome group of young people, who, from time to time, storm on and off the tram. He longs to know them, longs to know who they are. Invited, one evening, to the home of his employer, Mr. Alington, he discovers that the three girls of the party, and one of the young men, are, in fact, Mr. Alington's children. He becomes an infatuated frequenter of the household—its lights and glow, its music, its talk of art and love and things of the mind kindle his imagination, supply everything missing in his not unhappy but rather charmless life. And the three Alington girls, Joan, Eva, Brigit, each cast upon him a subtle spell. These are not merely the happy daughters of a rich and liberal-minded manufacturer; they are the creatures of an enchanted world. Mysterious Joan, golden Eva, laughing and daring Brigit each, by turns, makes Gregory's heart beat.

### Warning

UNEXPECTEDLY, Gregory's state of mind is diagnosed by Jock—a rather more hardened member of the Alington circle. Jock says:



"You mustn't care too much about the Alingtons."

"You came here" [Jock continues] "feeling lonely, and rather miserable . . . and then you saw the Alingtons. Well, that's all right. I'm devoted to them myself, as you know. But you mustn't make them stand for more than they ought to stand for, you mustn't turn them into symbols; which is, I believe, what men do, for instance, when they're infatuated with the most unsuitable young women. Magic shouldn't come in with people."

"It's got to come in somewhere," I told him. For I believed that then, and believe it still. Life without magic soon begins to wither.

"All right. . . . But . . . don't turn them, somewhere at the back of your mind, into something they aren't and wouldn't pretend to be. Don't make everything stand or fall by them. Switch off the magic, which comes from you and not from them. Don't cast a spell over yourself and imagine that they're doing it. Take them in your stride and don't fix anything. . . . You can go a long way—and give us something good—if you travel easily and lightly, seeing people as they are and not as symbolic figures, and not leaving parts of yourself behind frozen in some enchantment."

Has Gregory Dawson left a part of himself behind, "frozen in some enchantment"? Does this explain his character at fifty, the vacuum in his being, his lack of pleasure in his own success? Does it explain, still more, his lack of susceptibility to Elizabeth Earl, the beautiful actress who is, he knows, in love with him? Elizabeth—star-to-be of the film on whose script Gregory is at work—invades his solitude in the Cornish hotel. His relations with her (the "now" of *Bright Day*) are interwoven, thanks to Mr. Priestley's superb technique, with his remembered relations with the Alingtons (the "then"). Running simultaneously, the two stories serve to bring out each other's points. Elizabeth, like the long-ago Jock, perceives obsession at work in Gregory. The means by which she cures him are drastic enough.

There is more plot to this novel than I have suggested: that plot, I stoutly will not reveal. Not only do we watch the darkening of the bright day, the emergence of a sinister something from behind it, but we are given reason to pander the saying Mr. Priestley has placed on his title-page: "It is the bright day which brings forth the adder. . . ." The North Country scenes, with their certain drawing, their homely characters, their lyrical and sometimes horrifying moments, are first-rate. Over the Cornish sequence a grey, middle-aged film is, deliberately, cast. *Bright Day* seems to me to be J. B. Priestley, as novelist, at his best.

#### Island

"MYRMYDA" (Methuen; 7s. 6d.) is the second book of John Lodwick, author of *Running to Paradise*. Sub-titled "A Novel of the Aegean," it is the story of a Commando raid on a small island occupied by the Germans—that, as such, it is exciting goes without saying. I was interested, from the first page on, not only by the story-telling but by the spirit behind it—curiously dispassionate, disinfected, and pure, to the point of coldness, of sentiment. This is definitely a novel, not simply reportage—that is to say, imaginative vision has been added, and there is insight into a number of different people's states of feeling and points of view. The occupying Germans and the addled and unheroic islanders are made just as real to us as the striking force. Mr. Lodwick has embraced action as a whole, not merely written of it from one side. As it is art's business to see things whole, we may salute him as shaping up as an artist.

To begin with, the Island of Myrmyda is a character in itself: small and weak, its temperament has been formed by its history. It had, we learn, "changed hands four times within the last three hundred years, and for a variety of reasons. Sparsely populated until the end of the sixteenth century, it had done little more than give a saint or two to the world, when a certain power, whose people had a sweet tooth, observed its high annual production of honey and occupied it." Myrmyda's

## BOWEN on BOOKS

troubles have culminated in World War II., with the succeeding of a German to an Italian garrison. The egregious mayor, the luckless Myrmydan girl Marina, who has thrown in her lot with the kindly Bronner, and the fifty islanders rounded up as hostages after the raid to await execution in a barricaded church, are figures drawn with a savage clearness: the lights of tragedy and of comedy are kept in alternate play on them.

The advancing stealth of the British, the unconsciousness of the Germans make a dramatic contrast. The Germans—boxed up in Myrmyda, grating and spying on one another, eaten up with mutual antagonisms—have an uncanny convincingness. Fifty-year-old Lieut. Bronner, formerly of the Merchant Service, no Nazi, and at once bored and touched by the devotion of his young native mistress, is, I think, the masterpiece of the story: he is a man of regrets, without illusions or hopes. His companions, though nasty pieces of work, are drawn with a tolerant irony, without spleen. And the Commandos are not idealised. Old-fashioned readers may find this a ruthless book—it is, decidedly, ruthless: but so was the late war.

### "Our Turn Will Come"

YES, *Myrmyda* establishes Mr. Lodwick as, definitely, a novelist to be watched. I was struck by his Epilogue to the story—in which he speaks, we may take it, not only for himself but for his whole generation of fighter-writers. These young men, not only rich in experience, but teeming with ideas—and still more, in many cases, with something new in the way of a philosophy—have been kept out of production, or at low production, by the (from the writing point of view) almost impossible conditions of active service.

I do [he says] admire men who can write in the turmoil of war—I do, indeed. And I do envy those whose good fortune it has been not to belong to any of the Services, and who are turning out novels so tirelessly. Though I sometimes feel that their material is becoming a bit moth-eaten—that perhaps our turn will come later.

One cannot but be sure, and glad, that it will. For my own part, I look forward with enthusiasm to the output of such writers as Mr. Lodwick within, and after, the next ten years. They should bring a new vitality to the English novel, and, not impossibly, may affect its course.

### Folklore

"THE AMERICAN PEOPLE: IN THEIR STORIES, LEGENDS, TALL TALES, TRADITIONS, BALLADS AND SONGS" is a rich and amusing anthology, edited by B. A. Botkin, and published in this country by the Pilot Press, at 12s. 6d. The contents give a comprehensive idea of America's short but packed past; in which so many races mingle, so many miles are covered, climates and landscapes are so diverse. From swamps and backwoods, prairies and coast, mining camps and great industrial cities, plantations and ranches come the legends, quips and songs that make up this book. We see how a race begets, as it goes along, a mythology as well as a history. *The American People* should interest, equally, the anthropologist and the collector of curiosities. I feel I ought to say that the material is not very attractively set out: there is almost too much in it, and the introductory comments on the different sections are on the pompous side. Mr. Botkin, as President of the American Folklore Society, is unmistakably serious in this, his undertaking. Still, the book repays dipping into—at least. Incidentally, it helps one to trace the source of much of the more obscure American slang.

### Doom on a Skyscraper

"SUITABLE FOR FRAMING," by Marion Holbrook (Cassell; 8s. 6d.), is a high-tension detective story in which crime takes place on the forty-first floor of a New York skyscraper. The ill-omened premises are those of an important advertising agency (one of Miss Dorothy Sayers' classics has already shown us the possibilities of such a business for crime and intrigue). The attractive narrator-heroine of this American tale is very nearly too clever—but not quite.



The Countess Fortescue and the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Hardy were judges in the Ladies' Hacks class at Aldershot Horse Show



Lieut.-Colonel R. K. Chiesman, President of the Show, and Major E. N. L. Venn, the Chairman



H.R.H. Princess Alexandra presenting the cup to the winner of the Children's Ponies class

At the Aldershot Show



Clapperton, Selkirk

**Douglas-Home — Straker-Smith**

The Hon. Edward Douglas-Home, fourth son of the Earl and Countess of Home, of The Hirsell, Coldstream, married Miss Nancy Rose Straker-Smith, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. D. Straker-Smith, of Carham Hall, Cornhill-on-Tweed, at St. Cuthbert's, Norham-on-Tweed. The Master of Elphinstone was best man, bridesmaids were Miss A. Straker, Miss V. Ridley and Miss P. Dunsmuir, child attendants the Hon. Caroline Douglas-Home, the Hon. Rosemary and the Hon. Frances Montagu-Douglas-Scott and Miss Joanna Poett

**GETTING MARRIED**

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings

**Bolitho — Tildesley**

Capt. Raymond Gordon Bolitho, Devonshire Regt., younger son of the late Mr. Ernest F. Bolitho and Mrs. Bolitho, of Hove, Sussex, married Miss Daphne Jean Tildesley, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Tildesley, of Kingslow Hall, Pallingham, Wolverhampton

**Mackarness — Sullivan**

F/Lt. Denis Mackarness, R.A.F., only son of Major and Mrs. R. S. P. Mackarness, of London, married Miss Mary Sullivan, only daughter of the late Canon A. M. Sullivan and Mrs. Sullivan, of St. Peter's Court, Eastbourne, at St. Mary's, Old Town, Eastbourne

**Berry — Rowan-Thomson**

Major the Hon. Julian Berry, Royal Horse Guards, youngest son of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose, married Miss Janet Frances Denise Rowan-Thomson, elder daughter of Major and Mrs. L. Leslie Rowan-Thomson, of Tedworth Square, Chelsea

**Mills — Thomas**

F/Lt. Herbert Mills, D.F.C., D.F.M., R.A.F., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Mills, of Renfrew, Glasgow, married Miss Yolande Thomas, younger daughter of Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Thomas, of St. Malo, Brittany, at the Church of the Sacred Heart, Rennes, France

**Thomas — Smith**

Mr. Derek Havelock Thomas, elder son of Mr. J. R. Thomas, M.P., and of Mrs. Thomas, of New Malden, Surrey, married Miss Jean Marion Stanford Smith, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Banks Smith, of Santiago, Chile, at St. Andrew's, Ham Common



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the foundation that has stood the test of time! Its users have remained faithful to it for years. It is protective, wards off dryness, conceals tiny lines and minor blemishes. It gives the skin a youthful dewiness and holds make-up fresh and immaculate for hours. For dry and normal skins 7/6 including tax. For oily skins 7/6 including tax.

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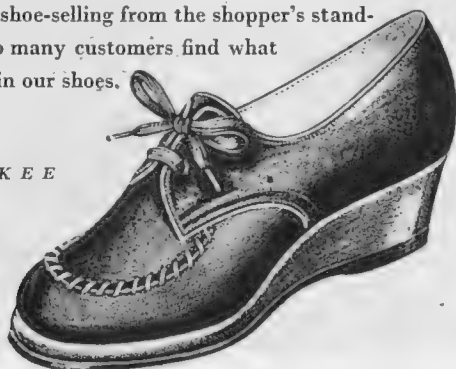
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## BLACK AND WHITE FASHIONS FROM THE FILMS

ANGELE DELANGHE made this lovely black dinner dress for Valerie Hobson, star of the Cine-guild production *Great Expectations*. It is made of a dull-surfaced black satin, very slim and sophisticated in front, with the fullness draped at the back in the favourite Delanghe manner to give a train effect. In private life Valerie Hobson is the wife of Anthony Havelock-Allan, Executive Producer of her latest film

### Jean Lorimer's Page



Photographs by Charles Trigg

LADY-IN-WHITE (perhaps better known as the Lady-in-Black Fashion House) designed several of the dresses which are worn by leading lady Greta Gynt in Sid Field's first film, *London Town*, recently completed by Wesley Ruggles. The dinner dress on the left is of white crepe, its soft neck draperies studded with gold. The sheath-like skirt is caught up on the left hip, falling to the hemline in a soft cascade





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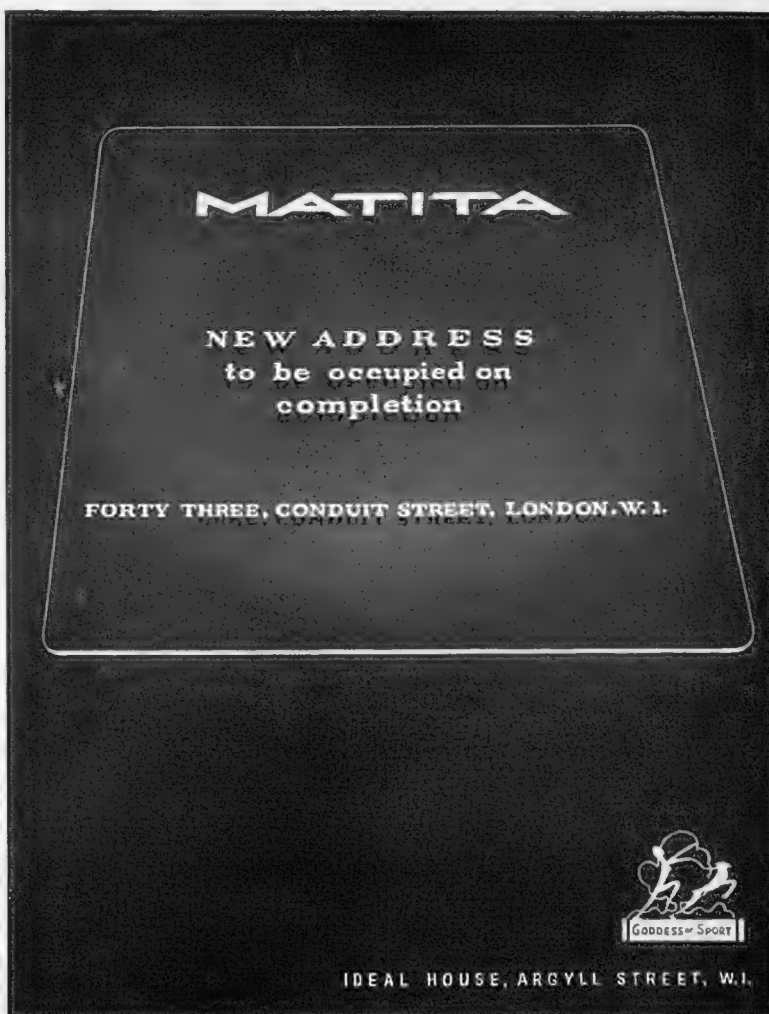
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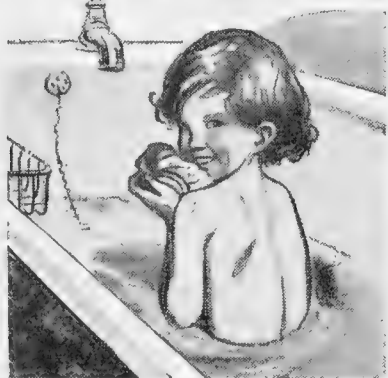
IDEAL HOUSE, ARGYLL STREET, W.1.



*Fashion dictates  
and the  
well-dressed woman obeys  
choosing  
one of the new*

## RESLAW HATS

★ Please remember the Soldiers', Sailors' and  
Airmen's Families on September 3rd.



*I'm growing  
up the  
WRIGHT  
way*



with  
**WRIGHT'S**  
Coal Tar Soap

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## BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE talkative navy was holding forth to an admiring audience in the village pub. He was explaining that even in his job, which people might think 'dull enough, there was sometimes quite a lot of excitement.

"Why, I can remember once when a gas explosion tore up a main street where I was working."

"What did you do?" asked one of his listeners.

"Ah," replied the navy, "I tore up a side street."

A TRAMP had been hoping for a lift all the morning, but had not been successful. At last a car overtook him. He stopped it by raising his hand and called out to the driver: "I say, will you do me a favour? I want this overcoat taken to the next village. Will you take it?"

"All right," was the reply, "but where shall I leave it? How will you get it again?"

"Well, if it's all the same to you," replied the traveller, "I'd like to remain inside it."

HE had been troubled with neuralgia, but was too mean to go and see his doctor about it and pay his fee. One day, however, he met the medico in the street.

"Doctor," he said, thinking he could get some free advice, "I know a man who is suffering agonies from neuralgia. Sometimes he is so bad he simply yells with pain. What would you do in that case?"

The doctor was not going to be "had" that way.

"Well," he replied with a smile, "I suppose I should yell, too."

LOVEBIRDS are supposed to be so devoted to one another that if one dies the other dies of a broken heart. A woman, who owned a very cute pair, had a fire in the house, and one of the lovebirds was suffocated. Right away, the other bird began to pine.

The woman wondered if there wasn't some way to keep it alive, so she put a mirror in the cage. The lovebird let out a coo and cuddled up against the mirror and lived for two years.

It then died—of a broken mirror.

AN A.T.S. girl had been studying first aid and in the course of her studies reached the resuscitation stage.

One evening, in a street not far from the camp, she saw a man sprawled face downwards on the road. She hastened to the rescue, and started her resuscitation routine.

Presently the man stirred and looked up.

"Lady," he growled, "I don't know what on earth you think you're up to, but I wish you'd stop tickling me. I'm trying to hold a lantern for a fellow who's working down this man-hole, and you'll make me drop the darned thing."



**Sheila Douglas-Pennant**, daughter of Rear-Admiral C. E. Douglas-Pennant, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.C., has recently taken the lead opposite Arthur Askey in "Follow the Girls" at His Majesty's Theatre



Anthony Buckley

**Peter Daubeny** who was associated with Gordon Stewart and John McCormick in the recent purchase of the Strand Theatre for £150,000. He is twenty-five years old and was an officer in the Coldstream Guards. He has presented seven plays in London and the provinces

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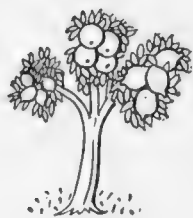
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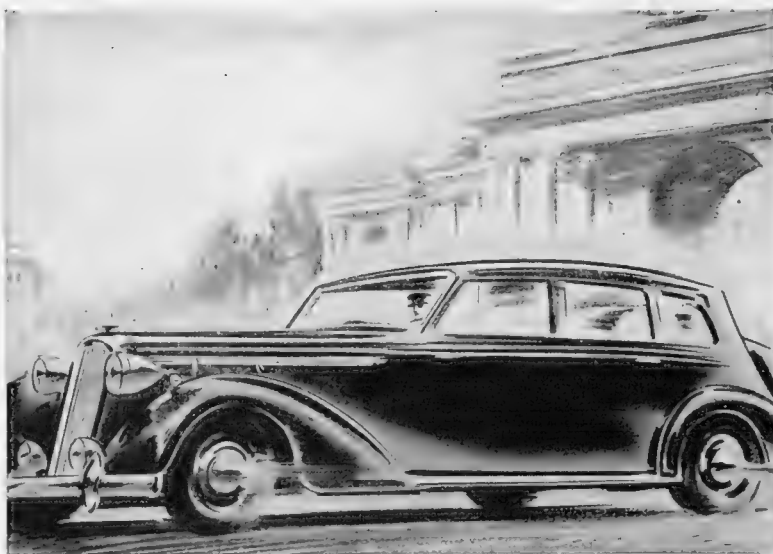
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## AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

FUR coats have always appeared undesirable to me because they obscure the interesting feminine line. Similarly the aircraft or motor car that has its vital lines covered up by external trappings can never look good—however expensive the trappings may be.

Aeroplanes, as I see it, have gone further ahead towards desirable nudity than motor cars. And that is because drag has forced the pace. For increasing speeds drag had to be cut down, so the aeroplane shed its exterior trappings. But the motor car still has them. There are bumpers, headlamps, wings, driving mirrors, number plates and the rest of it, cluttering up the vehicle and making it impossible to discern, much less to appreciate, the line.

If, therefore, the designer of the newer motor cars wants to strike a new note and make his machine look attractive, he must strip it of its fur coat and let us see the essential curves. This tendency has been more marked in new American cars than in British; but I am convinced that we shall see it here too. In fact I expect that many of the ideas that will be put forward in the motor industry's design contest will show purity of line as the chief characteristic.

Closing date for this competition is October 19, and it is arranged in two age classes. Suggestions can be submitted in the form of models or drawings.

### Scottish Complaint

AVIATION is now running a good second to porridge as a thing to arouse the passions of all good Scotsmen. The Scots think—and I must say that I agree with them—that they are receiving shabby treatment in the matter of civil air transport.

Undoubtedly Prestwick would have been shut down altogether if it had not been for the persistent way Scottish Members of Parliament presented its claims. But now the preferential treatment of the southern Irish in the matter of air lines has come up for comment.

Mr. Ivor Thomas in the House of Commons did not begin to satisfy Scottish Members that the Ministry of Civil Aviation had been fair. On the contrary his remarks supported the view that, for some reason



*The Motor Jubilee Cavalcade in London: Mr. J. W. Belcher, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Organization, and Mr. Morrison, Lord President of the Council. Mr. Morrison told Sir Miles how delighted he was with the splendid efforts being made by the British motor industry in building up this country's exports*

as yet undisclosed, the Government has favoured Eire in air transport matters and ill-treated Scotland. Some speakers did their best to turn the whole thing into a joke; but it is not a joke. Why Scotland should not have at least as favourable treatment as Eire in all aeronautical matters has not been explained.

I do not think we have heard the last of Scottish claims. I am quite sure that—as things now are—injustice is being done.

### Secret of the Rocket

NOR long before the war I read with interest, but also with scepticism, the writings of the interplanetary travel organizations which had sprung up both here and abroad. The whole thing seemed utterly fantastic.

It is no longer fantastic. It seems to me now that, even in my lifetime, vehicles carrying people may be able to get outside the earth's gravitational field for short "flights." And if they do succeed in that, interplanetary travel will almost certainly follow

—though at what interval of time it would be hard to guess.

All this work rests on the rocket—the propulsive unit which carries with it all the fuel and air needed. Rockets have been belittled in the past on the grounds of their small endurance. They fizzle for a few seconds and then go out. But if the fizzle is fierce enough it can do all that is necessary. It could cause V-2, for instance, to reach a speed of over 3,000 miles an hour. And it could cause it to go quite a long way.

If the range is there, the duration is unimportant. And the rocket gives range through speed and not through duration. It accelerates the vehicle to such a high speed that it can cover a vast distance in a short time. And the rocket need not be driving all the time, or even for the greater part of the time. V-2, for instance, became to all intents and purposes a shell after it had reached its full height and top speed. For the rocket power was then cut off and the apparatus coasted for the rest of the way to its target.

Speeds of 8,000 miles an hour are, I believe, within reach with existing knowledge and without any extensive development in equipment. But speeds a good deal higher than this will be needed if we are to be able to travel outside the earth's gravitational field. Few people nowadays would say that such greater speeds will never be achieved.

### Constellation Changes

IT is a source of surprise to those who have spent many years in aviation to find that people tend to suspect aircraft which have been much modified. This tendency was noticeable when the Constellation modifications were announced. But the fact is that few aeroplanes have gone through from design to full operational use without a great many modifications. And some extremely good aeroplanes have been much-modified ones.

The Constellation is, without question, a fine aeroplane. Its only misfortune was in having its troubles rather late. But there is no reason to suppose that those troubles have not now been correctly assessed and properly guarded against for the future. I expect to see this machine build up a thoroughly sound reputation not only for speed and efficiency but also for safety in all conditions.



### Key Exports

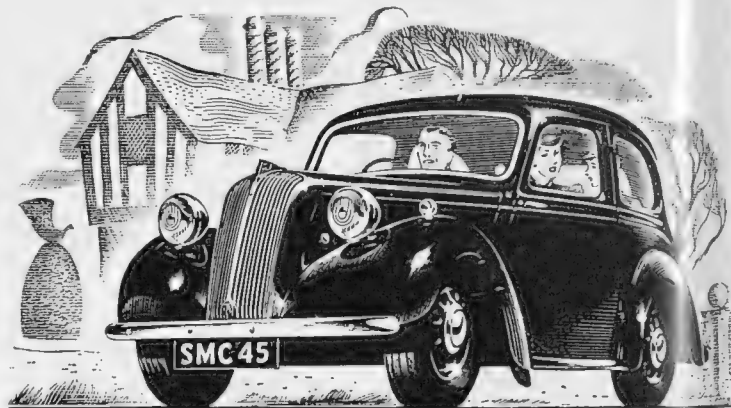
Who would you say is leading the Export race? Textiles? Motors? Heavy Industry? Light? B.O.A.C. has at least shown plenty of pace in the early stages. Our exports are the men who bring back export orders; and never before have orders so large come back from so far so fast! Among the 3,500 we have carried, the record is held by Sir Miles Thomas, Vice-Chairman of the Nuffield Group. 14,000 miles in ten days, and back with £1,200,000 of business. But all did famously. Faced with the job of wiping off six years' arrears of business calls, they proved to have everything it takes—except a magic carpet. And we provided that.

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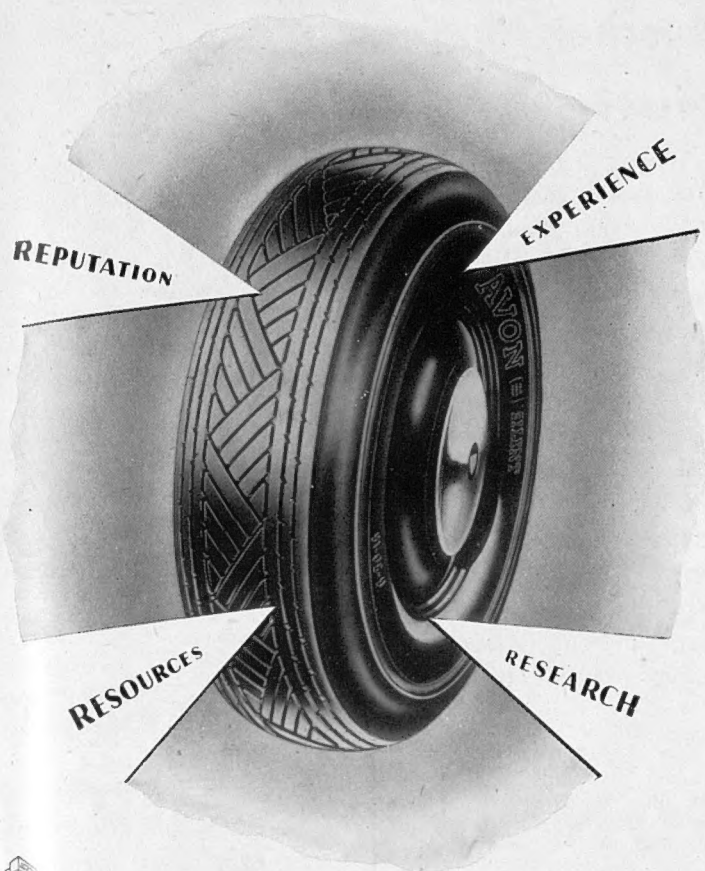
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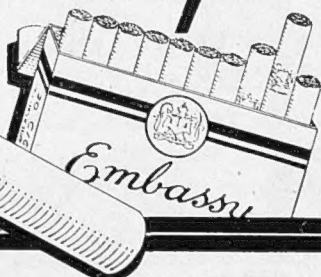
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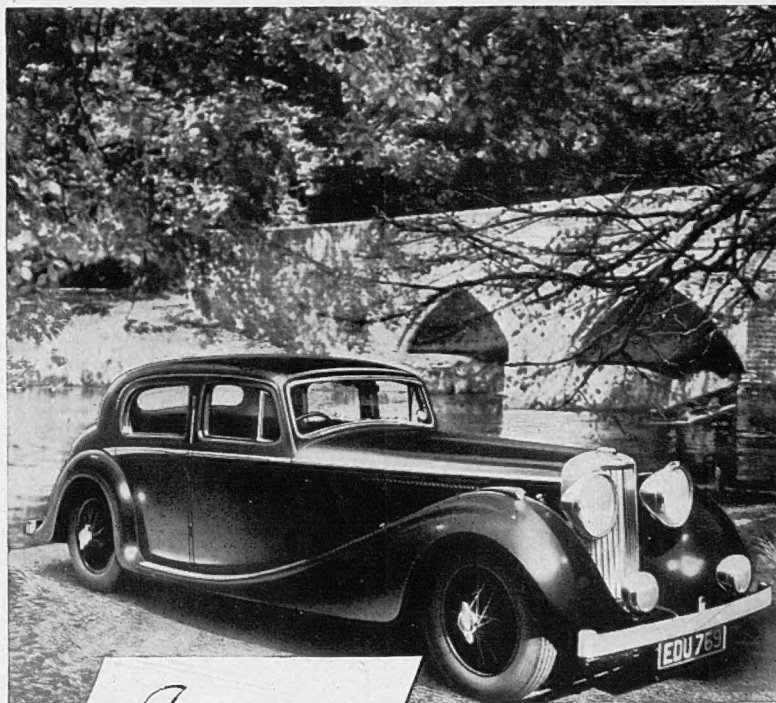
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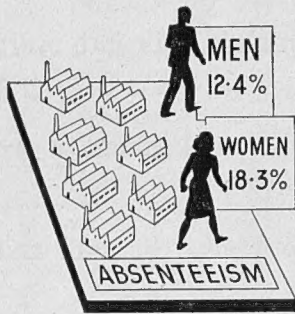


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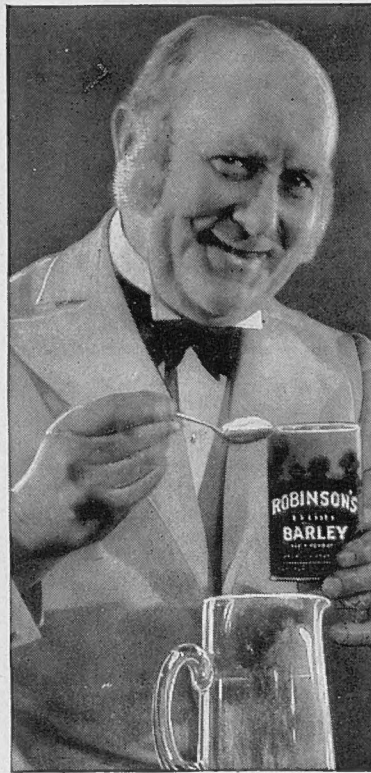
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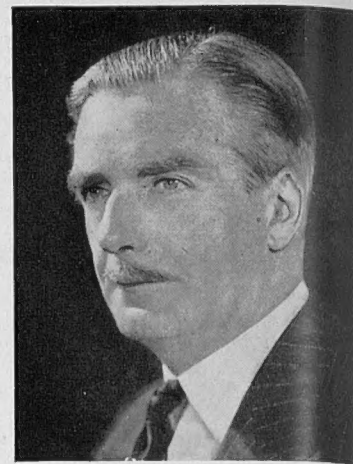


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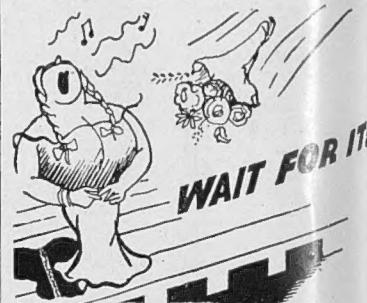
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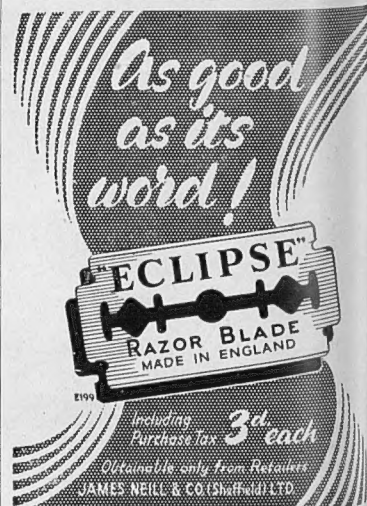
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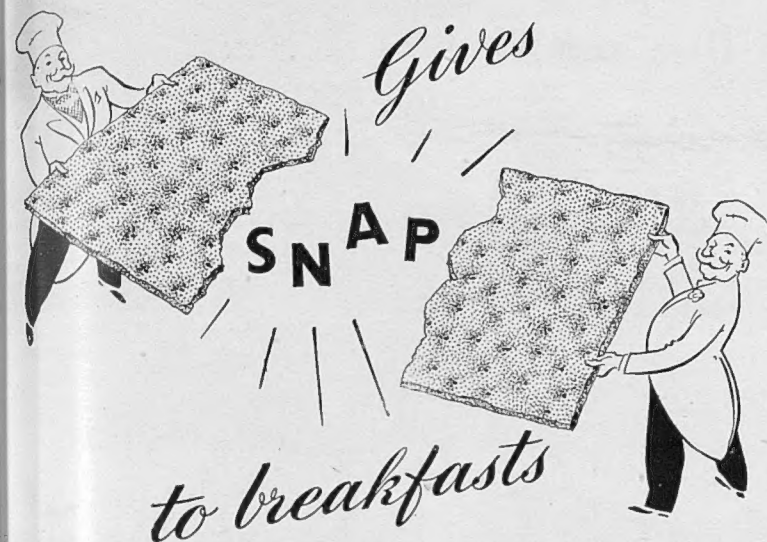




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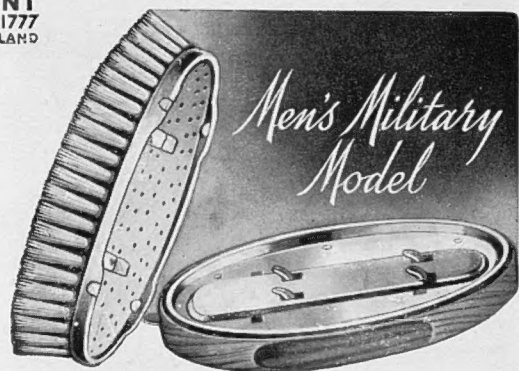


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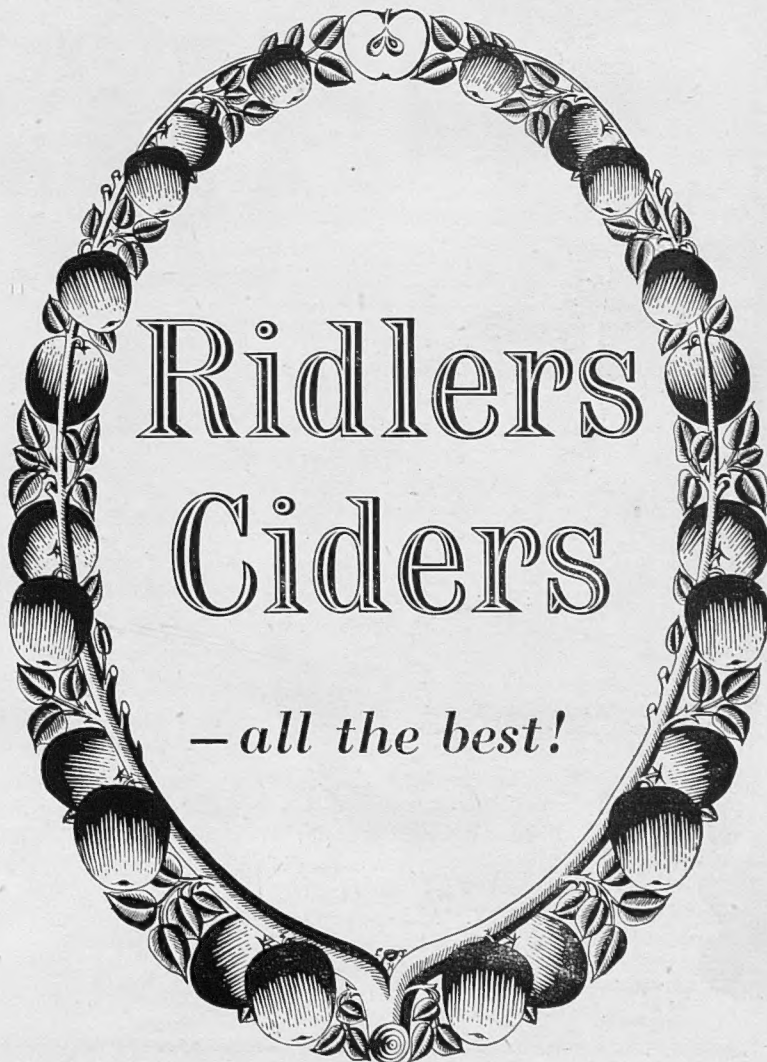
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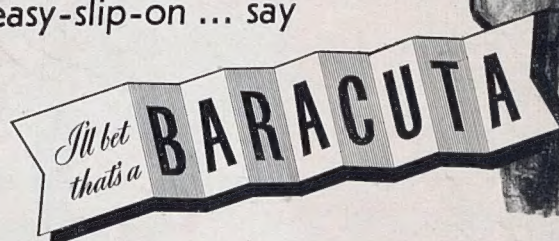
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